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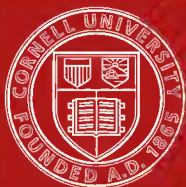
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**THE LADY OF THE LAKE**











THE  
**LADY OF THE LAKE**

BY  
**SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.**

WITH  
**Topography of the Poem**  
BY THE LATE  
**SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, K.C.B.**

**And Notes by**  
**ANDREW LANG**

WITH  
**FIFTY FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS**  
**AND A MAP**

LONDON  
**ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK**  
1904



## CONTENTS

		CANTO I.	PAGE
THE CHASE	-	- - - -	1
		CANTO II.	
THE ISLAND	-	- - - -	21
		CANTO III.	
THE GATHERING	-	- - - -	45
		CANTO IV.	
THE PROPHECY	-	- - - -	66
		CANTO V.	
THE COMBAT	-	- - - -	88
		CANTO VI.	
THE GUARD-ROOM		- - - -	111
TOPOGRAPHY OF THE POEM, BY THE LATE SIR G. B.			
AIRY, K.C.B.	-	- - - -	135
NOTES, BY ANDREW LANG			
	-	- - - -	155





GLENARTNEY.

*Truettner & Sons, Ltd.*





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

*The eight illustrations in colour are reproduced from water-colour drawings by Mr. Sutton Palmer.*

	FACING PAGE
Silver Birches in the Trossachs . . . . .	<i>(In colour)</i> Frontispiece
Glenartney . . . . .	2
Brig o' Turk . . . . .	4
In the Pass of the Trossachs . . . . .	6
Loch Katrine . . . . .	8
Silver Strand, Loch Katrine . . . . .	<i>(In colour)</i> 10
Ben A'an, Trossachs . . . . .	12
In the Heart of the Trossachs . . . . .	<i>(In colour)</i> 14
Loch Katrine from Ben Venue . . . . .	16
In the Trossachs . . . . .	20
Loch Katrine . . . . .	22
Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle . . . . .	24
Bothwell Castle . . . . .	26
Holyrood Palace . . . . .	28
Falls of Bracklinn . . . . .	30
Glengyle . . . . .	32
Luss, Loch Lomond . . . . .	34
Peak of Ben Lomond . . . . .	36
Glen Finlas . . . . .	38
Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine . . . . .	44
Ben Venue . . . . .	<i>(In colour)</i> 46
Loch Lomond . . . . .	50
Pass of Beal-nam-bo . . . . .	52
Dunraggan Huts, Brig o' Turk . . . . .	<i>(In colour)</i> 54

	FACING PAGE
Callander and Ben Ledi . . . . .	56
Falls of Leny . . . . .	58
Loch Lubnaig . . . . .	60
Loch Katrine near the Goblin Cave . . . . .	62
Loch Achray and Ben Venue . . . . . <i>(In colour)</i>	64
Pass of Balmaha . . . . .	68
Birch Tree in Trossachs Glen . . . . .	70
Cambuskenneth Abbey . . . . .	72
"Fairy Ring" in the Trossachs . . . . .	74
Dunfermline Abbey . . . . .	76
Allan Water . . . . .	80
Rumbling Bridge, River Devon . . . . .	82
Duncraggan Huts . . . . .	86
Windings of the Forth from Stirling . . . . .	88
Loch Vennachar . . . . .	90
Roderick Dhu's Watch-Tower, Loch Katrine . . . . .	92
On the River Teith . . . . . <i>(In colour)</i>	94
Coilantogle Ford, Loch Vennachar . . . . .	96
Ochertyre . . . . .	100
Stirling Castle from King's Park . . . . .	102
Stirling . . . . .	106
Doune Castle . . . . .	110
Stirling Castle and Palace . . . . .	112
Vale of Menteith . . . . .	116
Moorland between Loch Achray and Loch Ard . . . . . <i>(In colour)</i>	124
Stirling Palace . . . . .	132

*Map, with Index to places printed on back, at end of volume.*

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS<sup>1</sup>

INSCRIBED TO JOHN JAMES, MARQUIS OF ABERCORN

1810

## CANTO FIRST

### *The Chase*

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung  
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—  
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?  
'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.  
At each according pause was heard aloud—  
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !  
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;  
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-  
less eye.

NOTE.—The asterisks on page 2 and subsequent pages refer to the Editor's notes at the end of the volume.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;  
 O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command  
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :  
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
 The wizard-note has not been touch'd in vain.  
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

## I

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,\*  
 And deep his midnight lair had made  
 In lone Glenartney's<sup>1</sup> hazel shade ;  
 But, when the sun his beacon red  
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's\* head,  
 The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay  
 Resounded up the rocky way,  
 And faint, from farther distance borne,  
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

## II

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
 "To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"  
 The antler'd monarch of the waste  
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
 But, ere his fleet career he took,  
 The dewdrops from his flanks he shook ;  
 Like crested leader proud and high,  
 Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky ;  
 A moment gazed adown the dale,  
 A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
 A moment listen'd to the cry,  
 That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh ;

<sup>1</sup> The scene of the chase lies in the Perthshire Highlands. Glenartney is the valley of the Ruchill Water, a tributary of the Earn. Uain-Var, or *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of Callander, between that village and Glenartney. The chase, beginning in Glenartney, sweeps past Callander, up the valley of the Teith, towards the Trosachs—some 20 miles westward from the starting-point.

Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

## III

Yell'd on the view the opening pack ;  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awaken'd mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,  
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices join'd the shout ;  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its failing din  
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old ;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
And of the trackers of the deer,  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
So shrewdly on the mountain side  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

## V

The noble stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood grey,  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue,  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.  
 Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

## VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;<sup>1</sup>  
 What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
 When rose Benedi's ridge in air;  
 Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,  
 Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

## VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel;  
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,  
 Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil.  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The labouring stag strain'd full in view.  
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,

<sup>1</sup> Cambus-more, two miles south-east of Callander, was the residence of one of Scott's friends.



BRIG O' TURK.

G. W. H.ason & Co.





Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game ;  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch ;  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew ;—  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,  
And turn'd him from the opposing rock ;  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took.  
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

## IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanish'd game ;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labours o'er,

Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;  
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,  
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.  
" I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey ! "

## X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
Close to their master's side they press'd,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answer'd with their scream,  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seem'd an answering blast ;  
And on the Hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day ;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

## XI

The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain



IN THE PASS OF THE TROSSACHS.

G. H. Wilson & Co.



Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.<sup>1</sup>  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;  
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

## XII

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.  
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
The primrose pale and violet flower,  
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Group'd their dark hues with every stain  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Grey hirsch and aspen wept beneath ;  
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.

<sup>1</sup> The Tower of Babel, Genesis xi. 1-9.

## XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.  
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
 But broader when again appearing,  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;  
 And farther as the Hunter stray'd,  
 Still broader sweep its channels made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,  
 But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
 Yet broader floods extending still  
 Divide them from their parent hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
 A far projecting precipice.<sup>1</sup>  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
 And thus an airy point he won,  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,  
 And mountains, that like giants stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.

<sup>1</sup> At the date of the romance (in the sixteenth century), and for long afterwards, there was no issue from the defile called the Trosachs, except by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

<sup>2</sup> Loch-Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation.



LOCH KATRINE.

*Fruiting & Sons, Ltd.*





High on the south, huge Benvenue<sup>1</sup>  
 Down on the lake in masses threw  
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
 The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The stranger, raptur'd and amazed.  
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
 "For princely pomp, or churchman's pride !  
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey ;  
 How blithely might the bugle-horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn-  
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !  
 And, when the midnight moon should lave  
 Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewilder'd stranger call  
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

## XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here !  
 But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—  
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
 The copse must give my evening fare ;  
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
 Some rustling oak my canopy.

<sup>1</sup> *Benvenue* is literally the little mountain—i.e. as contrasted with *Benledi* and *Benlomond*.

Yet pass we that ; the war and chase  
 Give little choice of resting-place ;—  
 A summer night, in greenwood spent,  
 Were but to-morrow's merriment :  
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
 Such as are better miss'd than found ;  
 To meet with Highland plunderers here  
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—  
 I am alone ;—my bugle-strain  
 May call some straggler of the train ;  
 Or, fall the worse that may betide,  
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

## XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain.  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,





Of finer form, or lovelier face !  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had train'd her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread :  
 What though upon her speech there hung  
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The list'ner held his breath to hear !

## XIX

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye :  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confess'd  
 The guileless movements of her breast ;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury called forth  
 The indignant spirit of the North.

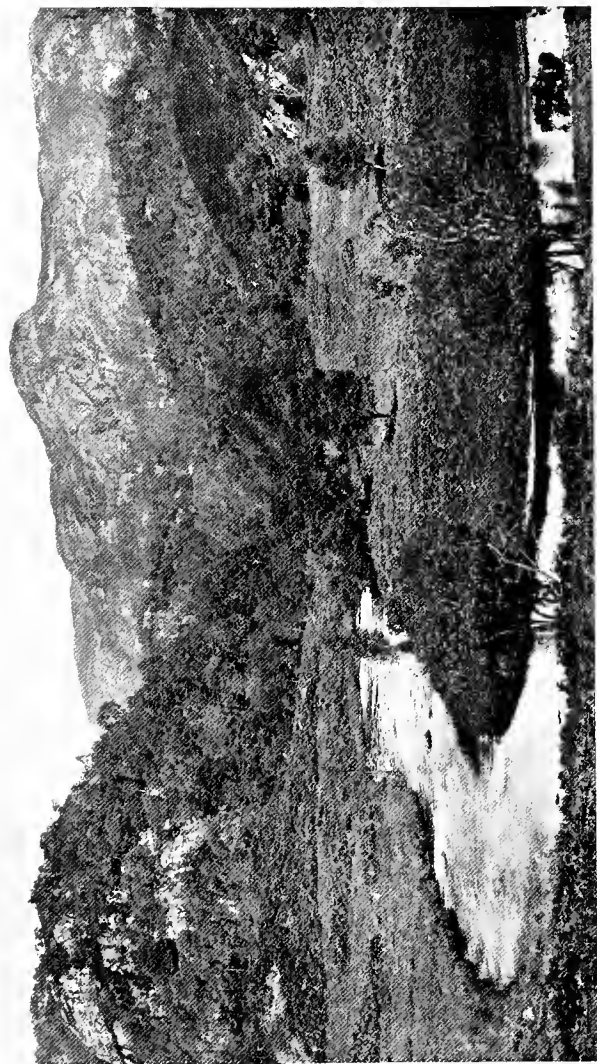
One only passion unreveal'd,  
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—  
 O need I tell that passion's name !

## XX

Impatient of the silent horn,  
 Now on the gale her voice was borne :—  
 "Father !" she cried ; the rocks around  
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
 A while she paused, no answer came,—  
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast ?" the name  
 Less resolutely utter'd fell,  
 The echoes could not catch the swell.  
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,  
 Advancing from the hazel shade.  
 The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar  
 Push'd her light shallop from the shore,  
 And when a space was gain'd between,  
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;  
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,  
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing,)  
 Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,  
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

## XXI

On his bold visage middle age  
 Had slightly press'd its signet sage,  
 Yet had not quench'd the open truth  
 And fiery vehemence of youth ;  
 Forward and frolic glee was there,  
 The will to do, the soul to dare,  
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
 His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
 For hardy sports or contest bold ;  
 And though in peaceful garb array'd,  
 And weaponless, except his blade,  
 His stately mien as well implied  
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,



BEN A'AN, TROSSACHS.





As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
 And sheathed in armour trod the shore.  
 Slighting the petty need he show'd,  
 He told of his benighted road ;  
 His ready speech flow'd fair and free,  
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;  
 Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,  
 Less used to sue than to command.

## XXII

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
 And, reassured, at length replied,  
 That Highland halls were open still  
 To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.  
 "Nor think you unexpected come  
 To yon lone isle, our desert home ;  
 Before the heath had lost the dew,  
 This morn, a couch was pull'd for you ;  
 On yonder mountain's purple head  
 Have ptarmigau and heath-cock bled,  
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,  
 To furnish forth your evening cheer."—  
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
 Your courtesy has err'd," he said ;  
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
 The welcome of expected guest.  
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
 I found a fay in fairy land !"—

## XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
 As her light skiff approach'd the side,—  
 "I well believe, that ne'er before  
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore,  
 But yet, as far as yesternight,  
 Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight,—  
 A grey-hair'd sire,\* whose eye intent  
 Was on the vision'd future bent.

He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
 That cap with heron plumage trim,  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
 He bade that all should ready be,  
 To grace a guest of fair degree ;  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deem'd it was my father's horn,  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

## XXIV

The stranger smiled :—" Since to your home  
 A destined errant-knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
 The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try ;  
 For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasp'd an oar :  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;  
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

## XXV

The stranger view'd the shore around ;  
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
 Nor track nor pathway might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain-maiden show'd





A clambering unsuspected road,  
That winded through the tangled screen,  
And open'd on a narrow green,  
Where weeping birch and willow round  
With their long fibres swept the ground.  
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,\*  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

## XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and device ;  
Of such materials, as around  
The workman's hand had readiest found.  
Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared  
And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
To give the walls their destined height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;  
While moss and clay and leaves combined  
To fence each crevice from the wind.  
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,  
Their slender length for rafters spread,  
And wither'd heath and rushes dry  
Supplied a russet canopy.  
Due westward, fronting to the green,  
A rural portico was seen,  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
The ivy and Idæan vine,  
The clematis, the favour'd flower  
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,  
And every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
An instant in this porch she staid,  
And gaily to the stranger said,  
"On heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall!"—

## XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee."  
He cross'd the threshold—and a clang

Of angry steel that instant rang,  
 To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,  
 But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,  
 When on the floor he saw display'd,  
 Cause of the din, a naked blade  
 Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung  
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;  
 For all around, the walls to grace,  
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase :  
 A target there, a bugle here,  
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,  
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,  
 With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.  
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,  
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide  
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;  
 Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,  
 That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,  
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
 To garnish forth the silvan hall.

## XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
 And next the fallen weapon raised :—  
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.  
 And as the brand he poised and sway'd,  
 "I never knew but one," he said,  
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield  
 A blade like this in battle-field."  
 She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word :  
 "You see the guardian champion's sword ;  
 As light it trembles in his hand,  
 As in my grasp a hazel wand ;  
 My sire's tall form might grace the part  
 Of Ferragus or Ascabart ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ferragus, or Ferumbras, was one of the heroes of the Charlemagne cycle of romance. Ascabart was the gigantic antagonist of Bevis of Hampton.

LOCH KATRINE, FROM BEN VENUE.







But in the absent giant's hold  
Are women now, and menials old."

## XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,  
Mature of age, a graceful dame,  
Whose easy step and stately port  
Had well become a princely court ;  
To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid,  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unask'd his birth and name.<sup>1</sup>  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast,  
And from his deadliest foeman's door  
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.  
At length his rank the stranger names,  
"The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James ;  
Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords had held with toil ;  
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,  
And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
Oft for his right with blade in hand.  
This morning with Lord Moray's train  
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,  
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

## XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require  
The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
Well show'd the elder lady's mien,  
That courts and cities she had seen ;  
Ellen, though more her looks display'd  
The simple grace of silvan maid,  
In speech and gesture, form and face,

<sup>1</sup> The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment.

Show'd she was come of gentle race.  
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find  
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.  
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,  
 Dame Margaret heard with sileuce grave ;  
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
 Turn'd all inquiry light away :—  
 “ Weird women we ! by dale and down  
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;  
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.”  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Fill'd up the symphony between.

## XXXI

## Song

“ Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

“ No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
 At the day-break from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

## XXXII

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
To grace the stranger of the day.  
Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
The cadence of the flowing song,  
Till to her lips in measured frame  
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

## Song continued

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

## XXXIII

The hall was clear'd—the stranger's bed  
Was there of mountain heather spread,  
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
And dream'd their forest sports again.  
But vainly did the heath-flower shed  
Its moorland fragrance round his head;  
Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest  
The fever of his troubled breast.  
In broken dreams the image rose  
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:  
His steed now flounders in the brake,  
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;  
Now leader of a broken host,  
His standard falls, his honour's lost.  
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might  
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—

Again return'd the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undoubting truth ;  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.  
 They come, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;  
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
 As if they parted yesterday.  
 And doubt distracts him at the view—  
 O were his senses false or true ?  
 Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,  
 Or is it all a vision now ?

## XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
 He seem'd to walk, and speak of love ;  
 She listen'd with a blush and sigh,  
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,  
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp :  
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
 Upon its head a helmet shone ;  
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
 With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,  
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
 To Ellen still a likeness bore.—  
 He woke, and, panting with affright,  
 Recall'd the vision of the night.  
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,  
 Half showing, half concealing, all  
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.  
 Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye,  
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,  
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,  
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

## XXXV

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,  
 Wasted around their rich perfume :



IN THE TROSSACHS.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,  
 The aspens slept beneath the calm ;  
 The silver light, with quivering glance,  
 Play'd on the water's still expanse,—  
 Wild were the heart whose passions' sway  
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !  
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,  
 While thus he communed with his breast :—  
 “ Why is it, at each turn I trace  
 Some memory of that exiled race ? \*  
 Can I not mountain-maiden spy,  
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?  
 Can I not view a Highland brand,  
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?  
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,  
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?  
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind  
 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.  
 My midnight orisons said o'er,  
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.”  
 His midnight orisons he told,  
 A prayer with every bead of gold,  
 Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,  
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose ;  
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
 And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

## CANTO SECOND

### The Island

#### I

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay ;  
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring  
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ;  
 And while yon little bark glides down the bay,  
 Wafting the stranger on his way again,  
 Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,

And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,  
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane !<sup>1</sup>

## II

## Song

“Not faster yonder rowers' might  
Flings from their oars the spray,  
Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
That tracks the shallop's course in light,  
Melts in the lake away,  
Than men from memory erase  
The benefits of former days ;  
Then, stranger, go ! good speed the while,  
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

“High place to thee in royal court,  
High place in battle line,  
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,  
Where beauty sees the brave resort,  
The honour'd meed be thine !  
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
And lost in love and friendship's smile  
Be memory of the lonely isle.

## III

## Song continued

“But if beneath yon southern sky  
A plaided stranger roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
Pine for his Highland home ;  
Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;  
Remember then thy hap ere while,  
A stranger in the lonely isle.

“Or if on life's uncertain main  
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;  
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain

<sup>1</sup> The Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service a bard as a family officer.





*Valentin & Sons, Ltd.*

LOCH KATRINE.

—

Beneath the fickle gale ;  
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
But come where kindred worth shall smile,  
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

## IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
The shallop reach'd the mainland side,  
And ere his onward way he took,  
The stranger cast a lingering look,  
Where easily his eye might reach  
The Harper on the islet beach,  
Reclined against a blighted tree,  
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.  
To minstrel meditation given,  
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
As from the rising sun to claim  
A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
His haud, reclined upon the wire,  
Seem'd watching the awakening fire ;  
So still he sate, as those who wait  
Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;  
So still, as if no breeze might dare  
To lift one lock of hoary hair ;  
So still, as life itself were fled,  
In the last sound his harp had sped.

## V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—  
Smiled she to see the stately drake  
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach  
Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach ?  
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose ?—  
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !  
Perchance the maiden smiled to see  
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
And stop and turn to wave anew ;

And, lovely ladies, ere your ire  
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy,  
 And prize such conquest of her eye !

## VI

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,  
 It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not ;  
 But when he turn'd him to the glade,  
 One courteous parting sign she made ;  
 And after, oft the knight would say,  
 That not when prize of festal day  
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair,  
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
 So highly did his bosom swell,  
 As at that simple mute farewell.  
 Now with a trusty mountain-guide,  
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
 He parts—the maid, unconscious still,  
 Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill ;  
 But when his stately form was hid,  
 The guardian in her bosom chid—  
 “Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !”  
 ’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—  
 “Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
 On the smooth phrase of southern tongue ;  
 Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,  
 Another step than thine to spy.—  
 Wake, Allan-Bane,” aloud she cried,  
 To the old Minstrel by her side,—  
 “Arouse thee from thy moody dream !  
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,  
 And warm thee with a noble name ;  
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme !”<sup>1</sup>\*  
 Scarce from her lips the word had rush'd,  
 When deep the conscious maiden blush'd ;  
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

<sup>1</sup> Scott adopted this spelling of Graham to give English readers a guide to the pronunciation of the word. The name was endeared to him by Sir John the Graham, Montrose, and Claverhouse.



LOCH KATRINE AND ELLEN'S ISLE.

*Patent & Sons, Ltd.*



## VII

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times  
 Arose the well-known martial chimes,  
 And thrice their high heroic pride  
 In melancholy murmurs died.  
 “Vainly thou bid’st, O noble maid,”  
 Clasping his wither’d hands, he said,  
 “Vainly thou bid’st me wake the strain,  
 Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand  
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann’d!  
 I touch the chords of joy, but low  
 And mournful answer notes of woe;  
 And the proud march, which victors tread,  
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
 O well for me, if mine alone  
 That dirge’s deep prophetic tone!  
 If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
 This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway’d,  
 Can thus its master’s fate foretell,  
 Then welcome be the minstrel’s knell!

## VIII

“But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh’d  
 The eve thy sainted mother died;  
 And such the sounds which, while I strove  
 To wake a lay of war or love,  
 Came marring all the festal mirth,  
 Appalling me who gave them birth,  
 And, disobedient to my call,  
 Wail’d loud through Bothwell’s banner’d hall,  
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,<sup>1</sup>  
 Were exiled from their native heaven.—  
 Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
 My master’s house must undergo,  
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
 Brood in these accents of despair,  
 No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling  
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;

<sup>1</sup> The Douglasses, alternately the prop and the terror of the Scottish kings, were in deep disgrace during the reign of James V., as a consequence of suspected ambition.

One short, one final strain shall flow,  
 Fraught with unutterable woe,  
 Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,  
 Thy master cast him down and die !”

## IX

Soothing she answer'd him, “ Assuage,  
 Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age ;  
 All melodies to thee are known,  
 That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,  
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,  
 From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,  
 At times, unbidden notes should rise,  
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
 Entangling, as they rush along,  
 The war-march with the funeral song ?—  
 Small ground is now for boding fear ;  
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.  
 My sire, in native virtue great,  
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
 Not then to fortune more resign'd  
 Than yonder oak might give the wind ;  
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,  
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.  
 For me,”—she stoop'd, and, looking round,  
 Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—  
 “ For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
 An image of more splendid days,  
 This little flower, that loves the lea,  
 May well my simple emblem be ;  
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose  
 That in the king's own garden grows ;  
 And when I place it in my hair,  
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear,  
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair.”  
 Then playfully the chaplet wild  
 She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

## X

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
 Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
 With such a look as hermits throw,





BOTHWELL CASTLE.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
 Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied :  
 " Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st  
 The rank, the honours, thou hast lost !  
 O might I live to see thee grace,  
 In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,  
 To see my favourite's step advance,  
 The lightest in the courtly dance,  
 The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
 And leading star of every eye,  
 And theme of every minstrel's art,  
 The lady of the Bleeding Heart ! " <sup>1</sup>—

## XI

" Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried  
 (Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd) ;  
 " Yet is this mossy rock to me  
 Worth splendid chair and canopy ;  
 Nor would my footsteps spring more gay  
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,  
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
 And then for suitors proud and high,  
 To bend before my conquering eye,—  
 Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,  
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
 The terror of Loch Lomond's side,  
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
 A Lennox foray—for a day."—

## XII

The ancient bard his glee repress'd :  
 " Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !  
 For who, through all this western wild,  
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled !  
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ; <sup>2</sup>  
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,

<sup>1</sup> The well-known cognisance of the Douglas family.

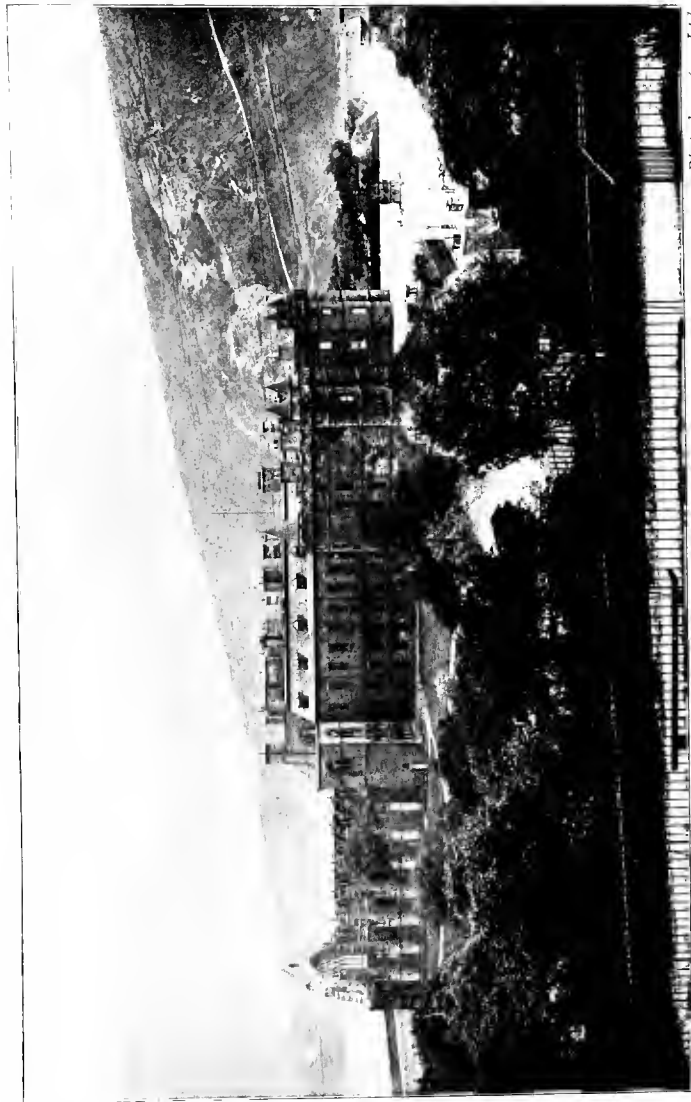
<sup>2</sup> Scott quotes a historic parallel for this outrage, the slaying of Bloody Stuart of Ochiltree by Francis, Earl of Bothwell.

Courtiers give place before the stride  
 Of the undaunted homicide ;  
 And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand  
 Full sternly kept his mountain land.  
 Who else dare give—ah ! woe the day,  
 That I such hated truth should say—  
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
 Disown'd by every noble peer,  
 Even the rude refuge we have here ?  
 Alas, this wild marauding Chief  
 Alone might hazard our relief,  
 And now thy maiden charms expand,  
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;  
 Full soon may dispensation sought,  
 To back his suit, from Rome he brought.  
 Then, though an exile on the hill,  
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still  
 Be held in reverence and fear ;  
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,  
 That thou might'st guide with silken thread,  
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread ;  
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain !  
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

## XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know :  
 All that a mother could bestow,  
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,  
 Since first an orphan in the wild  
 She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child ;  
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,  
 A deeper, holier debt is owed ;  
 And, could I pay it with my blood,  
 Allan ! Sir Roderick should command  
 My blood, my life,—but not my hand.  
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Kilmaronock, a cell or chapel at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, dedicated to Saint Maronoch, or Marnoch, or Maronnan.



HOLYROOD PALACE.

*Photograph Co., Ltd.*



Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
 Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove,  
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

## XIV

“Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,—  
 That pleading look, what can it say  
 But what I own?—I grant him brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;<sup>1</sup>  
 And generous—save vindictive mood,  
 Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:  
 I grant him true to friendly band,  
 As his claymore is to his hand;  
 But O! that very blade of steel  
 More mercy for a foe would feel:  
 I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand that for my father fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughter'd in their shed?  
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.  
 While yet a child,—and children know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—  
 I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;  
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear  
 His haughty mien and lordly air:  
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,  
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er

<sup>1</sup> A waterfall on the Keltie, about a mile from Callander.

A Douglas knew the word, with fear.  
 To change such odious theme were best,—  
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ?”—

## XV

“What think I of him ?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle !  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
 For Tine-man \* forged by fairy lore,<sup>1</sup>  
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,  
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,  
 Did, self-unscabbarded, \* foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe.  
 If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,  
 What may we for the Douglas fear ?  
 What for this island, deem'd of old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold ?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say ?  
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread  
 That kindled when at Beltane game  
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme ;  
 Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.  
 Beware !—But hark, what sounds are these ?  
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
 Still is the canna's<sup>2</sup> hoary beard,  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again ! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar.”

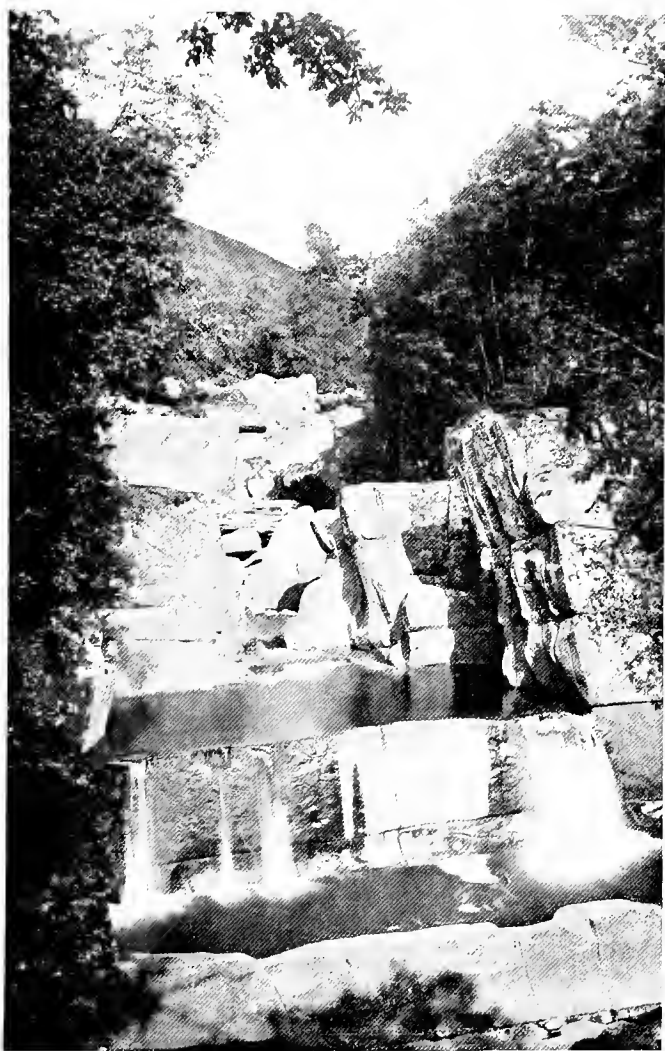
## XVI

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied  
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
 That, slow enlarging on the view,  
 Four mann'd and masted barges grew,

<sup>1</sup> Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was called *Tine-man*, because he *fin'd*, or lost, his followers in every battle that he fought.

<sup>2</sup> The cotton-grass.





*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

FALLS OF BRACKLINN.



And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,  
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle ;  
The point of Brianchoil they pass'd,  
And, to the windward as they cast,  
Against the sun they gave to shine  
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.  
Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
Spear, pikes, and axes flash in air.  
Now might you see the tartans brave,  
And plaids and plumage dance and wave :  
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,  
As his tough oar the rower plies ;  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke ;  
See the proud pipers on the bow,  
And mark the gaudy streamers flow  
From their loud chanters<sup>1</sup> down, and sweep  
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain,  
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

## XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
And louder rung the pibroch proud.  
At first the sound, by distance tame,  
Mellow'd along the waters came,  
And, lingering long by cape and bay,  
Wail'd every harsher note away ;  
Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear ;  
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might  
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.  
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
And, hurrying at the signal dread,  
The batter'd earth returns their tread.  
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,  
Express'd their merry marching on,  
Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;  
And mimic din of stroke and ward,

<sup>1</sup> The *pipe* of the bagpipe.

As broadsword upon target jarr'd ;  
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,  
 Condensed, the battle yell'd amain ;  
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
 And bursts of triumph, to declare  
 Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.  
 Nor ended thus the strain ; but slow  
 Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low,  
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,  
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII

The war-pipes ceased ; but lake and hill  
 Were busy with their echoes still ;  
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
 With measured sweep the burden bore,  
 In such wild cadence, as the breeze  
 Makes through December's leafless trees.  
 The chorus first could Allan know,  
 " Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !"  
 And near, and nearer as they row'd,  
 Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

## XIX

## Boat Song

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine !  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
     Heaven send it happy dew,  
     Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
     While every Highland glen  
     Sends our shout back agen,  
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.



G. H. Wilson & Co.

GLENGYLE.



Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the  
     mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
     Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
     Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
     Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
     Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

## XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.\*  
     Widow and Saxon maid  
     Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
     Lennox and Leven-glen  
     Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !  
 O that the rose-bud that graces yon islands  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !  
     O that some seedling gem,  
     Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow ;  
     Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
     Ring from his deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

## XXI

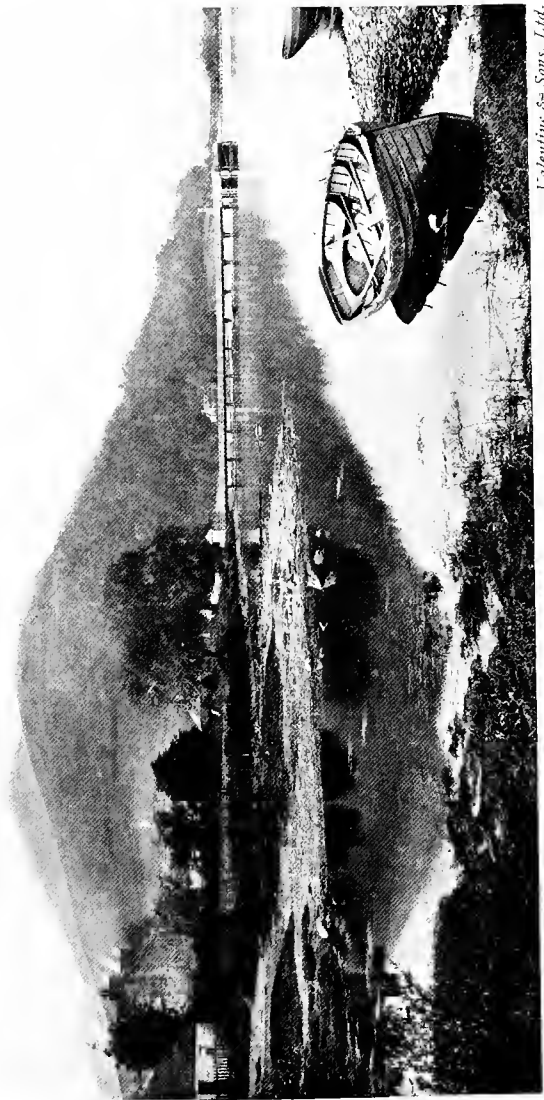
With all her joyful female band,  
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.  
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,  
 And high their snowy arms they threw,  
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,

And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name ;  
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art,  
 The darling passion of his heart,  
 The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,  
 To greet her kinsman ere he land :  
 "Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,  
 And shun to wreáthe a victor's brow ?"—  
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid  
 The unwelcome summoning obey'd,  
 And, when a distant bugle rung,  
 In the mid-path aside she sprung :—  
 "List, Allan-Bane ! From mainland cast,  
 I hear my father's signal blast.  
 Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,  
 And waft him from the mountain-side."  
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,  
 She darted to her shallop light,  
 And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,  
 For her dear form, his mother's band,  
 The islet far behind her lay,  
 And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven :  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !  
 And as the Douglas to his breast  
 His darling Ellen closely press'd,  
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,  
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.  
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
 Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)  
 Still held a graceful youth aloof ;  
 No ! not till Douglas named his name,  
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.





LUSS, LOCH LOMOND.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



## XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle ;  
His master piteously he eyed,  
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,  
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away  
From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray ;  
And Douglas, as his hand he laid  
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,  
" Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy  
In my poor follower's glistening eye ?  
I'll tell thee :—he recalls the day,  
When in my praise he led the lay  
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,  
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,  
When Percy's Norman pennon, won  
In bloody field, before me shone,  
And twice ten knights, the least a name  
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,  
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so prond  
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,  
Though the waned crescent own'd my night,  
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,  
Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,  
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
As when this old man's silent tear,  
And this poor maid's affection dear,  
A welcome give more kind and true,  
Than aught my better fortunes knew.  
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,  
O ! it out-beggars all I lost !"

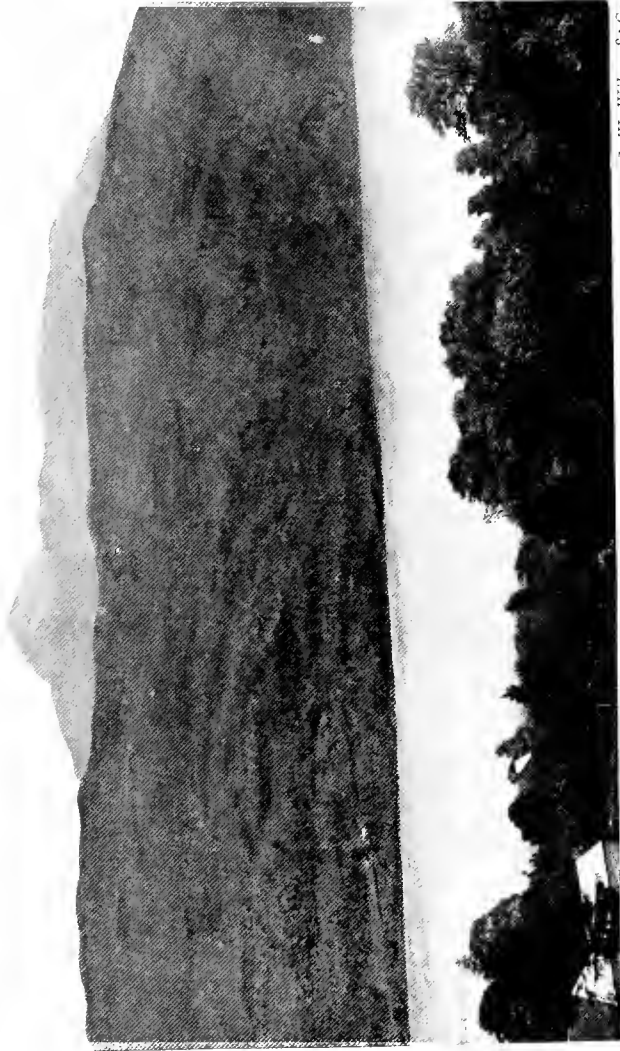
## XXIV

Delightful praise !—Like summer rose,  
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,  
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,  
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,  
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide ;  
The loved caresses of the maid

The dogs with crouch and whimper paid ;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favourite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment fail  
 To balance with a juster scale ;  
 For with each secret glance he stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

## XXV

Of stature tall, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose ;  
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,  
 Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.  
 Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy :  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ;  
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow ;  
 And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,  
 Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer :  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind  
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame ;  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As play'd the feather on his crest.  
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,  
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features bold,  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,



PEAK OF BEN LOMOND.

G. W. Wilson & Co.



Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

## XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?  
 And why so late return'd? And why——"  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.—  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war;  
 And with that gallant pastime reft  
 Were all of Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I stray'd  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,  
 Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.  
 This youth, though still a royal ward,  
 Risk'd life and land to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,  
 Nor peril aught for me agen."

## XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,  
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Fail'd aught in hospitality.  
 In talk and sport they whiled away  
 The morning of that summer day;  
 But at high noon a courier light  
 Held secret parley with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared,  
 That evil were the news he heard.  
 Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head;  
 Yet was the evening banquet made,  
 Ere he assembled round the flame,  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,

And Ellen, too ; then cast around  
 His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,  
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said :—

## XXVIII

“Short be my speech ;—nor time affords,  
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.  
 Kinsman and father,—if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;  
 Mine honour'd mother ;—Ellen—why,  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ?—  
 And Græme ; in whom I hope to know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
 When age shall give thee thy command,  
 And leading in thy native land,—  
 List all !—The King's vindictive pride  
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,<sup>1\*</sup>  
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk, who came  
 To share their monarch's silvan game,  
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared ;  
 And when the banquet they prepared,  
 And wide their loyal portals flung,  
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung,  
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,  
 From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,  
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,  
 And from the silver Teviot's side ;  
 The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.  
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
 So faithless, and so ruthless known,  
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,  
 The same pretext of silvan game.  
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye  
 By fate of Border chivalry.  
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,

<sup>1</sup> James V. set to work to restore order on the Borders in 1529, immediately after his assumption of royal power. There had been great disorder during his minority, and he used craft as well as force.





*G. H. Wilson & Co.*

GLEN FINLAS.



Douglas, thy stately form was seen.  
 This by espial sure I know ;  
 Your counsel in the streight bestow."

## XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,  
 Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,  
 This to her sire—that to her son.  
 The hasty colour went and came  
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;  
 But from his glance it well appear'd,  
 'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd ;  
 While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,  
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :—  
 " Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
 It may but thunder, and pass o'er ;  
 Nor will I here remain an hour,  
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;  
 For well thou know'st, at this grey head  
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,  
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
 Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.  
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
 The refuge of some forest cell,  
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
 Till on the mountain and the moor,  
 The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er."—

## XXX

" No, by mine honour," Roderick said,  
 " So help me, Heaven, and my good blade  
 No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,  
 My fathers' ancient crest and mine,  
 If from its shade in danger part  
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !  
 Hear my blunt speech : Grant me this maid  
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;  
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,

Will friends and allies flock enow ;  
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.  
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,  
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;  
 And, when I light the nuptial torch,  
 A thousand villages in flames  
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James !  
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,  
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray ;  
 I meant not all my heart might say.—  
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
 When the sage Douglas may unite  
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
 To guard the passes of their land,  
 Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,  
 Shall bootless turn him home agen."

## XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er  
 The ocean tide's incessant roar,  
 Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,  
 Till waken'd by the morning beam ;  
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
 Such startler cast his glance below,  
 And saw unmeasured depth around,  
 And heard unintermitted sound,  
 And thought the battled fence so frail,  
 It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—  
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
 Headlong to plunge himself below,  
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—  
 Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
 As sudden ruin yawn'd around,  
 By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,  
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,  
 Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,  
 To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy  
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,  
And eager rose to speak—but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,  
Where death seem'd combating with life ;  
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,  
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
Left its domain as wan as clay.  
“Roderick, enough ! enough !” he cried,  
“My daughter cannot be thy bride ;  
Not that the blush to wooer dear,  
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.  
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,  
Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
To rein a steed and wield a brand ;  
I see him yet, the princely boy !  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy ;  
I love him still, despite my wrongs,  
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.  
O seek the grace you well may find,  
Without a cause to mine combined.”

## XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode ;  
The waving of his tartans broad,  
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,  
Like the ill demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way :  
But, unrequited Love ! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,

While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,  
 With bitter drops were running o'er.  
 The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope  
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
 But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
 Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,  
 While every sob—so mute were all—  
 Was heard distinctly through the hall.  
 The son's despair, the mother's look,  
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;  
 She rose, and to her side there came,  
 To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

## XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—  
 As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
 Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,  
 To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
 So the deep anguish of despair  
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.  
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :  
 " Back, beardless boy ! " he sternly said,  
 " Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at naught  
 The lesson I so lately taught ?  
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
 Thank thou for punishment delay'd."  
 Eager as greyhound on his game,  
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.  
 " Perish my name, if aught afford  
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword !"  
 Thus as they strove, their desperate hand  
 Griped to the dagger or the brand,  
 And death had been—but Douglas rose,  
 And thrust between the struggling foes  
 His giant strength :—" Chieftains, forego !  
 I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—  
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar !  
 What ! is the Douglas fall'n so far,  
 His daughter's hand is doom'd the spoil  
 Of such dishonourable broil !"  
 Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,

As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,  
 And each upon his rival glared,  
 With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

## XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
 As falter'd through terrific dream.  
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
 And veil'd his wrath in scornful word.  
 "Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere  
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!  
 Then mayest thou to James Stewart tell,  
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,  
 Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,  
 The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
 Thou canst our strength and passes show.—  
 Malise, what ho!"—his henchman\* came;  
 "Give our safe-conduct to the Græmc."  
 Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,  
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;  
 The spot an angel deigned to grace  
 Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.  
 Thy churlish courtesy for those  
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
 As safe to me the mountain way  
 At midnight as in blaze of day,  
 Though, with his boldest at his back,  
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—  
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,  
 Nought here of parting will I say.  
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glcn,  
 So secret, but we meet agen.—  
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."—  
 He said, and left the silvan bower.

## XXXVI

Old Allan follow'd to the strand  
 (Such was the Douglas's command),

And anxious told, how, on the morn,  
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,  
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er  
 Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.  
 Much were the peril to the Græme,  
 From those who to the signal came ;  
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
 Himself would row him to the strand.  
 He gave his counsel to the wind,  
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,  
 His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,  
 And stripp'd his limbs to such array,  
 As best might suit the watery way,—

## XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt : “Farewell to thee,  
 Pattern of old fidelity !”  
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—  
 “O ! could I point a place of rest !  
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,  
 My uncle leads my vassal band ;  
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.  
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,  
 Who loves the chieftain of his name,  
 Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,  
 Like hunted stag, in mountain cell ;  
 Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—  
 I may not give the rest to air !  
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,  
 Not the poor service of a boat,  
 To waft me to yon mountain-side.”  
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide.  
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
 And stoutly steer'd him from the shore ;  
 And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,  
 Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.  
 Darkening across each puny wave,  
 To which the moon her silver gave,  
 Fast as the cormorant could skim,  
 The swimmer plied each active limb ;





*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.



Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
 Loud shouted of his weal to tell.  
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
 And joyful from the shore withdrew.

## CANTO THIRD

### The Gathering

#### I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things that be !  
 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,  
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his cease-  
 less course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,  
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,  
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
 And solitary heath, the signal knew ;  
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
 What time the warning note was keenly wound,  
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
 While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering  
 sound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross \* glanced, like a meteor,  
 round.<sup>1</sup>

#### II

The summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;

<sup>1</sup> When a clan had to be summoned on any sudden emergency a cross of wood was sent round as a signal by light-footed messengers. The ceremony of preparing it, by lighting it and extinguishing the flames in the blood of a goat, is described in the text.

Mildly and soft the western breeze  
 Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees ;  
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;  
 The mountain-shadows on her breast  
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
 The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;  
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn ;  
 The grey mist left the mountain side,  
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;  
 Invisible in flecked sky,  
 The lark sent down her revelry ;  
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;  
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

## III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,  
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid  
 His hand on his impatient blade.  
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;  
 For such Antiquity had taught  
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
 The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
 At the impatient glance he cast ;—  
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,  
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
 And, high in middle heaven reclined,  
 With her broad shadow on the lake,  
 Silenced the warblers of the brake.





## IV

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan wild,  
Mingled with shivers from the oak,  
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.  
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,  
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.  
His grisled beard and matted hair  
Obscured a visage of despair ;  
His naked arms and legs, seam'd o'er,  
The scars of frantic penance bore.  
That monk, of savage form and face,  
The impending danger of his race  
Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.  
Not his the mien of Christian priest,  
But Druid's, from the grave released,  
Whose harden'd heart and eye might brook  
On human sacrifice to look ;  
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.  
The hallow'd creed gave only worse  
And deadlier emphasis of curse ;  
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,  
The eager huntsman knew his bound,  
And in mid chase call'd off his hound ;  
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
The desert-dweller met his path,  
He pray'd, and sign'd the cross between,  
While terror took devotion's mien.

## V

Of Brian's birth \* strange tales were told.  
His mother watch'd a midnight fold,  
Built deep within a dreary glen,  
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,  
In some forgotten battle slain,  
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.  
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,  
To view such mockery of his art !

The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,  
 Which once could burst an iron band ;  
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
 That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,  
 A feeble and a timorous guest,  
 The field-fare framed her lowly nest ;  
 There the slow blind-worm left his slime  
 On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time ;  
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,  
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flush'd and full,  
 For heath-bell with her purple bloom,  
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume.  
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
 Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade :  
 —She said, no shepherd sought her side,  
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
 The virgin snood \* did Alice wear ;  
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
 Her maiden girdle all too short,  
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
 Or holy church or blessed rite,  
 But lock'd her secret in her breast,  
 And died in travail, unconfess'd.

## VI

Alone, among his young compeers,  
 Was Brian from his infant years ;  
 A moody and heart-broken boy,  
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue  
 On his mysterious lineage flung.  
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
 Till, frantic, he as truth received  
 What of his birth the crowd believed,  
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire !  
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
 The cloister oped her pitying gate ;  
 In vain, the learning of the age  
 Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page ;



Even in its treasures he could find  
 Food for the fever of his mind.  
 Eager he read whatever tells  
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride ;  
 Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the spectre's child.  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the River Demon rise ;  
 The mountain mist took form and limb,  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Swell'd with the voices of the dead ;  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death :  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast\*  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
 All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.

<sup>1</sup> The Ben-Shie or banshie was a sort of tutelary family ghost, who intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster, such as the death of the Chief.

<sup>2</sup> The sound of an unseen horseman galloping is a common presage of death.

He girt his loins, and came to show  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

## VIII

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock,  
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
 Before the kindling pile was laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
 A slender crosslet form'd with care,  
 A cubit's length in measure due ;  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,  
 With wasted hand, and haggard eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema he spoke.

## IX

“Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew  
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
     On Alpine's dwelling low !  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
     Shall doom him wrath and woe.”  
 He paused ;—the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;



LOCH LOMOND.

*Facultine & Sons, Ltd.*



And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his muster'd force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
 "Woe to the traitor, woe!"  
 Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## X

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,  
 The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:  
 Dismal and low its accents came,  
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame;  
 And the few words that reach'd the air,  
 Although the holiest name was there,  
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
 But when he shook above the crowd  
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—  
 "Woe to the wretch who fails to rear  
 At this dread sign the ready spear!  
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
 His home, the refuge of his fear,  
     A kindred fate shall know;  
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
 While maids and matrons on his name  
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
     And infamy and woe."  
 Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
 As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
 Denouncing misery and ill,  
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill  
     Of curses stammer'd slow;  
 Answering, with imprecation dread,  
 "Sunk be his home in embers red!  
 And cursed be the meanest shed  
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head,  
     We doom to want and woe!"  
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,

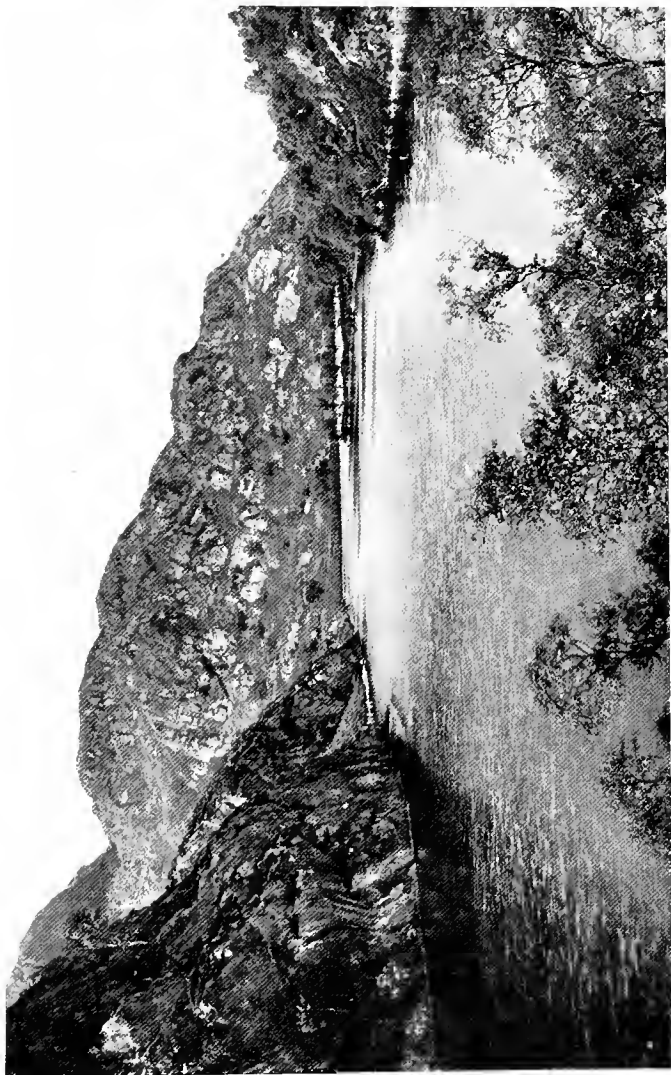
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !  
 And the grey pass where birches wave,  
 On Beala-nam-bo.

## XI

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
 And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
 While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
 And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,  
 He meditated curse more dread,  
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
 Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's aid,  
 The signal saw and disobey'd.  
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
 He quench'd among the bubbling blood,  
 And, as again the sign he rear'd,  
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
 " When flits this Cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
 So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth !  
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
 And be the grace to him denied,  
 Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased ; no echo gave agen  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
 " Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave  
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
 " The muster-place be Lanrick mead—  
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;  
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;



PASS OF BEAL-NAM-BO.

*Patent & Sons, Ltd.*





So rapidly the barge-men row,  
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,  
Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
When it had near'd the mainland hill ;  
And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.

## XIII

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.  
Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :  
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,  
With rivals in the mountain race ;  
But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

## XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
He show'd the sign, he named the place,

And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamour and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper stray'd,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
 The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms ;  
 So swept the tumult and affray  
 Along the margin of Achray.  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,  
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

## XV

Speed, Malise, speed !—The lake is past,  
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,  
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;  
 There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,  
 Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the way.  
 —What woeful accents load the gale ?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail !  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place !—  
 Within the hall, where torches' ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ;







KAZ ?

JUSTS ?

The village maids and matrons round  
The dismal coronach resound.

## XVI

## Coronach

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !  
The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,<sup>1</sup>  
Sage counsel in eumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever !

## XVII

See Stumah,<sup>2</sup> who, the bier beside,  
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,  
Poor Stumah ! whom his least halloo  
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,  
As if some stranger step he hears.  
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,

<sup>1</sup> Or *corri*, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

<sup>2</sup> *Faithful*, the name of a dog.

But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
 Urge the precipitate career.  
 All stand aghast :—unheeding all,  
 The henchman bursts into the hall ;  
 Before the dead man's bier he stood ;  
 Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood ;  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead—  
 Speed forth the signal ! clansmen, speed !"

## XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.  
 In haste the stripling to his side  
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;  
 But when he saw his mother's eye  
 Watch him in speechless agony,  
 Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
 Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—  
 "Alas !" she sobb'd,—“and yet, be gone,  
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son !”  
 One look he cast upon the bier,  
 Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,  
 Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,  
 And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
 Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,  
 First he essays his fire and speed,  
 He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss  
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
 Suspended was the widow's tear,  
 While yet his footsteps she could hear ;  
 And when she mark'd the henchman's eye  
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,  
 That should have sped thine errand on ;  
 The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough  
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
 The orphan's God will guard my son.—  
 And you, in many a danger true,  
 At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,  
 To arms, and guard that orphan's head !  
 Let babes and women wail the dead."





CALLANDER AND BEN LEDI.

*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*



Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral hall,  
While from the walls the attendant band  
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand ;  
And short and flitting energy  
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
As if the sounds to warrior dear,  
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.  
But faded soon that borrow'd force ;  
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

## XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;  
The tear that gather'd in his eye  
He left the mountain breeze to dry ;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.  
Sworn was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge ;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,  
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar :  
His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;  
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,  
Farewell Duneraggan's orphan heir !  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,  
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

## XX

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.

Her troth Tombca's Mary gave  
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
 The bridal now resumed their march.  
 In rude, but glad procession, came  
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
 And children, that, unwitting why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
 And minstrels, that in measures vied  
 Before the young and bonny bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
 The tear and blush of morning rose.  
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
 She held the "kerchief's snowy band ;  
 The gallant bridegroom by her side,  
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,  
 And the glad mother in her ear  
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

## XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?  
 The messenger of fear and fate !  
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
 All dripping from the recent flood,  
 Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,  
 The fatal sign of fire and sword  
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;  
 Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !"  
 And must he change so soon the hand,  
 Just link'd to his by holy band,  
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?  
 And must the day, so blithe that rose,  
 And promised rapture in the close,  
 Before its setting hour, divide  
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?  
 O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !  
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,



*Photobrom Co., Ltd.*

FALLS OF LENY.



Her summons dread, brook no delay ;  
Stretch to the race—away ! away !

## XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,  
Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;  
Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.  
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd ?  
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,  
And memory, with a torturing train  
Of all his morning visions vain.  
Mingled with love's impatience, came  
The manly thirst for martial fame ;  
The stormy joy of mountaineers,  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;  
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,  
And hope, from well-fought field returning,  
With war's red honours on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast.  
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,  
Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII

## Song

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid !  
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow ;

I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promised me, Mary.  
 No fond regret must Norman know;  
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

## XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
 Balquhiddy, speeds the midnight blaze,<sup>1</sup>  
 Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
 And reddening the dark lakes below;  
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,  
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
 The signal roused to martial coil  
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source  
 Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;  
 Thence southward turn'd its rapid road  
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might claim  
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
 From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
 Each valley, each sequester'd glen,

<sup>1</sup> The heather on Scotch hills, when they were more used for sheep pasture than for sport, was often intentionally set on fire to burn down the old heather plants and leave room for fresh herbage. Such fires in dry weather travelled with amazing speed.





*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*

LOCH LUBNAIG.



Muster'd its little horde of men,  
That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dales their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
Till at the rendezvous they stood  
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood ;  
Each train'd to arms since life began,  
Owning no tie but to his clan,  
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

## XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,  
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
All backward came with news of truce ;  
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,  
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait,  
No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
Nor scared the herons from Loch Cou ;  
All seem'd at peace.—Now, wot ye why  
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,  
Ere to the muster he repair,  
This western frontier scann'd with care ?—  
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,  
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left ;  
For Douglas, to his promise true,  
That morning from the isle withdrew,  
And in a deep sequester'd dell  
Had sought a low and lonely cell.  
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;  
A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And call'd the grot the Goblin-cave.

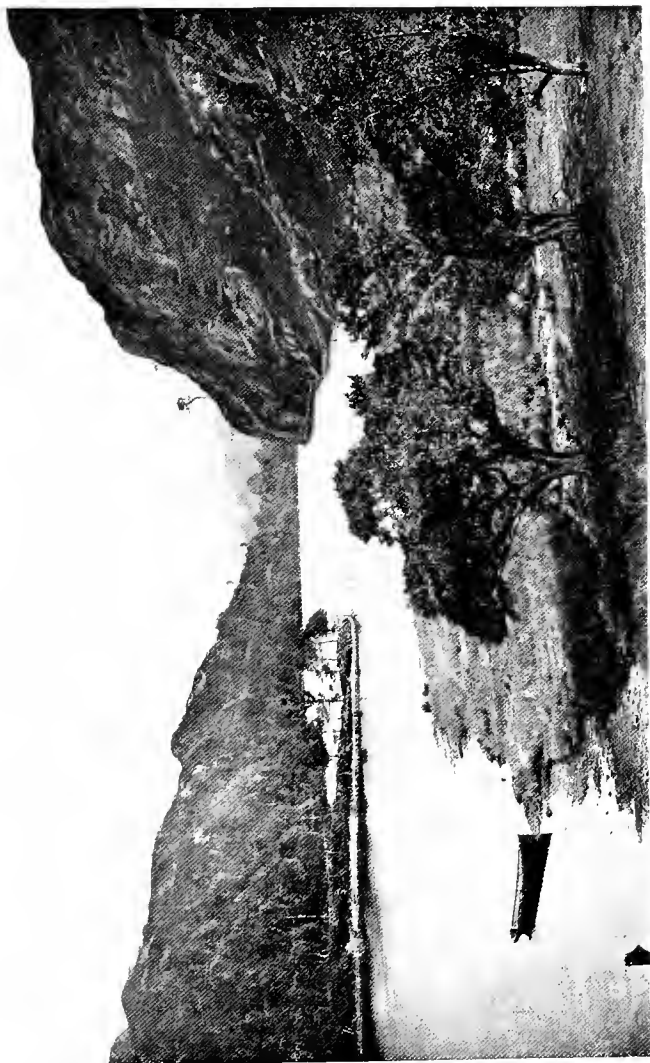
## XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.

The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast ;  
Its trench had staid full many a rock,  
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock  
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,  
And here, in random ruin piled,  
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,  
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.  
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,  
At noontide there a twilight made,  
Unless when short and sudden shone  
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye  
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.  
No murmur waked the solemn still,  
Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;  
But when the wind chafed with the lake,  
A sullen sound would upward break,  
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke  
The incessant war of wave and rock.  
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.  
From such a den the wolf had sprung,  
In such the wild-cat leaves her young ;  
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair  
Sought for a space their safety there.  
Grey Superstition's whisper dread  
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread ;  
For there, she said, did fays resort,  
And satyrs hold their silvan court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

## XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
When Roderick, with a chosen few,  
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.  
Above the Goblin-cave they go,  
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo :  
The prompt retainers speed before,  
To launch the shallop from the shore,



LOCH KATRINE, NEAR THE GOBLIN CAVE.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
To view the passes of Achray,  
And place his clansmen in array.  
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,  
Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
A single page, to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord ;  
The rest their way through thickets break,  
And soon await him by the lake.  
It was a fair and gallant sight,  
To view them from the neighbouring height,  
By the low-levell'd sunbeam's light !  
For strength and stature, from the clan  
Each warrior was a chosen man,  
As even afar might well be seen,  
By their proud step and martial mien.  
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
A wild and warlike group they stand,  
That well became such mountain-strand.

## XXVIII

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still  
Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
Hard by where turn'd apart the road  
To Douglas's obscure abode.  
It was but with that dawning morn,  
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn  
To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;  
But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love !  
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,  
Still hovering near his treasure lost ;  
For though his haughty heart deny  
A parting meeting to his eye,  
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,  
The accents of her voice to hear,  
And inly did he curse the breeze  
That waked to sound the rustling trees.

But hark ! what mingles in the strain ?  
 It is the harp of Allan-Bane,  
 That wakes its measure slow and high,  
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.  
 What melting voice attends the strings ?  
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX

## Hymn to the Virgin

*Ave Maria !* maiden mild !  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer !  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banish'd, outcast, and revild—  
 Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child !  
*Ave Maria !*

*Ave Maria !* undefiled !  
 The flinty couch we now must share  
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled ;  
 Then, Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
 Mother, list a suppliant child !  
*Ave Maria !*

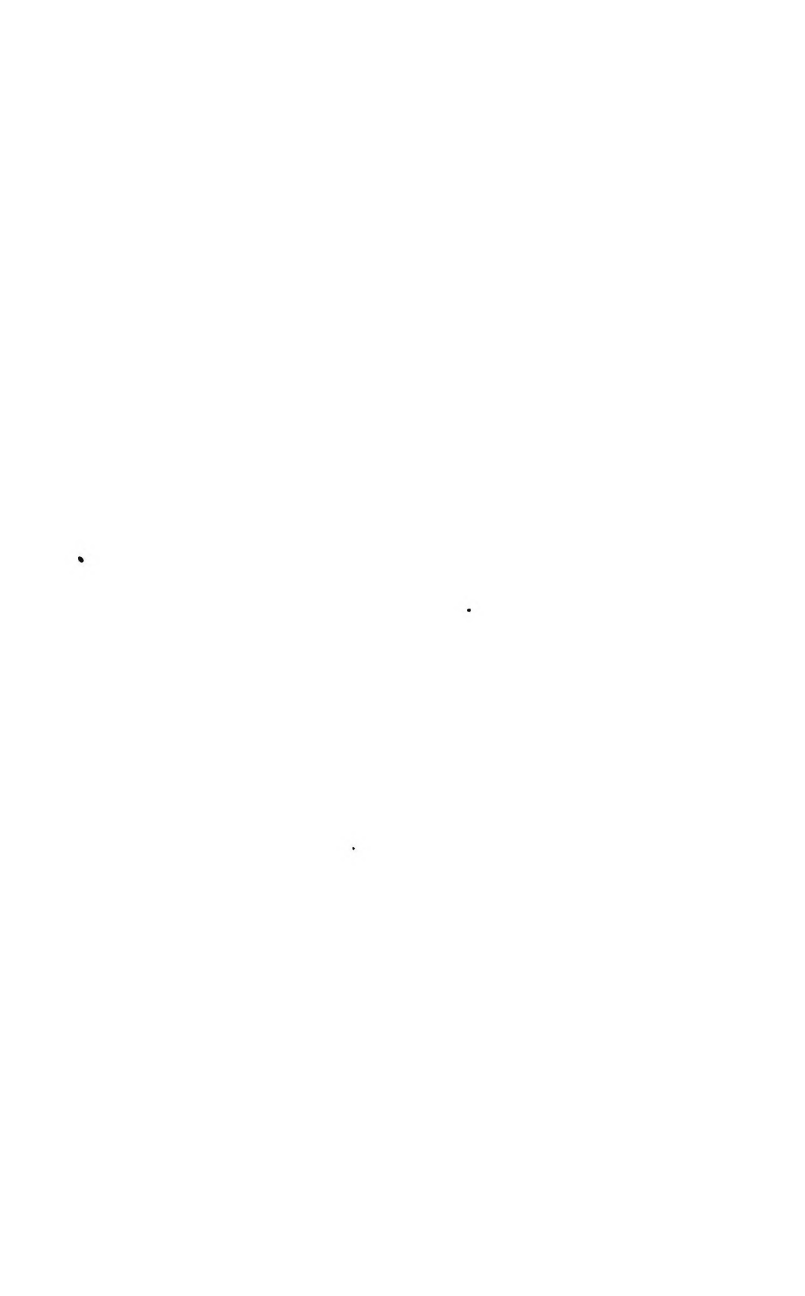
*Ave Maria !* stainless styled !  
 Foul demons of the earth and air,  
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
 We bow us to our lot of care,  
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;  
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
 And for a father hear a child !  
*Ave Maria !*

## XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn—  
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,  
 As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord







Stood leaning on his heavy sword,  
Until the page, with humble sign,  
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.  
Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
"It is the last time—'tis the last,"  
He mutter'd thrice,—“the last time e'er  
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!”  
It was a goading thought—his stride  
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;  
Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.  
They landed in that silvery bay,  
And eastward held their hasty way,  
Till, with the latest beams of light,  
The band arrived on Lanrick height,  
Where muster'd, in the vale below,  
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

## XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made,  
Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;  
But most, with mantles folded round,  
Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,  
Scarce to be known by curious eye,  
From the deep heather where they lie,  
So well was match'd the tartan screen  
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;  
Unless where, here and there, a blade,  
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,  
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.  
But when, advancing through the gloom,  
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.  
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
Three times return'd the martial yell;  
It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

## CANTO FOURTH

## The Prophecy

## I

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
 Emblem of hope and love through future years !"  
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,  
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

## II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,  
 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.  
 All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,  
 His axe and bow beside him lay,  
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,  
 A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
 Hark ! on the rock a footstep rung,  
 And instant to his arms he sprung.  
 "Stand, or thou diest !—What, Malise ?—soon  
 Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.  
 By thy keen step and glance I know,  
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."—  
 (For while the Fiery Cross hied on,  
 On distant scout had Malise gone.)  
 "Where sleeps the Chief ?" the henchman said.—  
 "Apart, in yonder misty glade ;  
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—  
 Then call'd a slumberer by his side,  
 And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—  
 "Up, up, Glentarkin ! rouse thee, ho !  
 We seek the Chieftain ; on the track,  
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."

## III

Together up the pass they sped :  
 "What of the foemen?" Norman said.—  
 "Varying reports from near and far ;  
 This certain,—that a band of war  
 Has for two days been ready boune,  
 At prompt command, to march from Doune ;  
 King James, the while, with princely powers,  
 Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
 Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.  
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,  
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;  
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
 A shelter for thy bonny bride?"—  
 "What! know ye not that Roderick's care  
 To the lone isle hath caused repair  
 Each maid and matron of the clan,  
 And every child and aged man  
 Unfit for arms ; and given his charge,  
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,  
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
 But all beside the islet moor,  
 That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

## IV

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan  
 Bespeaks the father of his clan.  
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu  
 Apart from all his followers true?"—  
 "It is, because last evening-tide  
 Brian an augury hath tried,  
 Of that dread kind which must not be  
 Unless in dread extremity,  
 The Taghairm \* call'd ; by which, afar,  
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.<sup>1</sup>  
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."—

<sup>1</sup> The process of this augury was to kill a bullock, wrap the seer in its hide, and place him in some wild and desolate spot, where spirits might come to him with visions of the future.

## MALISE

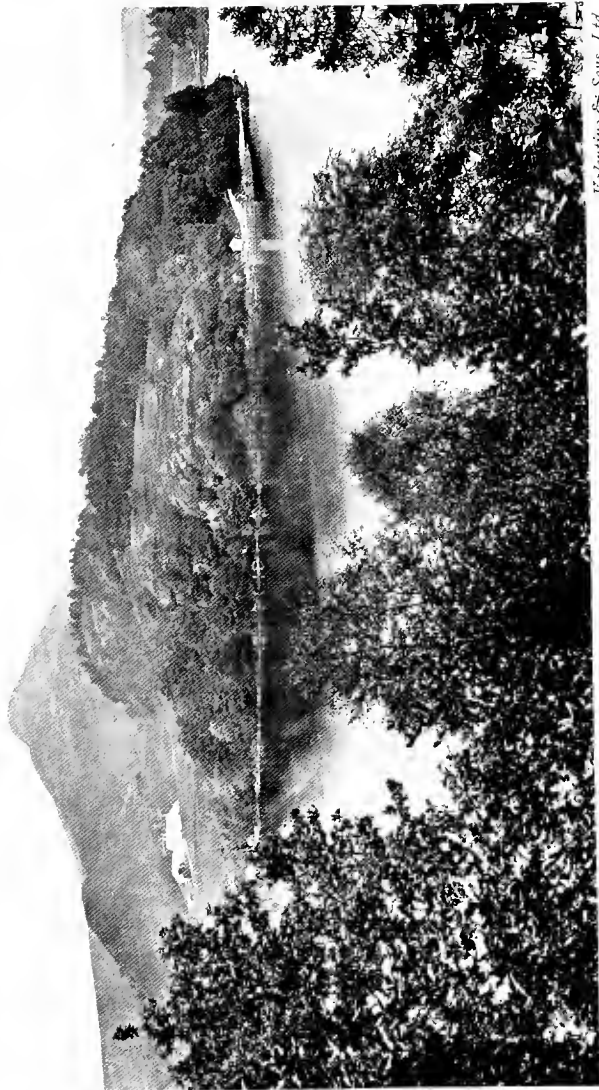
"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!  
 The choicest of the prey we had,\*  
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad.  
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
 His red eye glow'd like fiery spark;  
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
 And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,  
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.  
 But steep and flinty was the road,  
 And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,  
 And when we came to Dinnan's Row,  
 A child might scatheless stroke his brow."—

## V

## NORMAN

"That bull was slain: his reeking hide  
 They stretch'd the cataract beside,  
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss  
 Adown the black and craggy boss  
 Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.\*  
 Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,  
 Close where the thundering torrents sink,  
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,  
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,  
 Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,  
 The wizard waits prophetic dream.  
 Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!  
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,  
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands  
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.  
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,  
 That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host?  
 Or raven on the blasted oak,  
 That, watching while the deer is broke,<sup>1</sup>  
 His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

<sup>1</sup> Quartered.



*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

PASS OF BALMAHA.





## MALISE

—“Peace! peace! to other than to me,  
 Thy words were evil augury;  
 But still I hold Sir Roderick’s blade  
 Clan-Alpine’s omen and her aid,  
 Not aught that, glean’d from heaven or hell,  
 Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.  
 The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,  
 Together they descend the brow.”

## VI

And, as they came, with Alpine’s Lord  
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—  
 “Roderick! it is a fearful strife,  
 For man endow’d with mortal life,  
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior’s lance,—  
 ’Tis hard for such to view, unfurl’d,  
 The curtain of the future world.  
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
 My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,  
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,—  
 This for my Chieftain have I borne!—  
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch,  
 A human tongue may ne’er avouch;  
 No mortal man,—save he, who, bred  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 Is gifted beyond nature’s law,—  
 Had e’er survived to say he saw.  
 At length the fateful answer came,  
 In characters of living flame!  
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,  
 But borne and branded on my soul;—  
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN’S LIFE,  
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE!”—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Scott notes that this was a very common belief among the Highlanders, apart from any special augury,!

## VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care !  
 Good is thine augury, and fair.  
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
 A surer victim still I know,  
 Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow :  
 A spy has sought my land this morn,—  
 No eve shall witness his return !  
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
 To east, to westward, and to south ;  
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
 Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
 Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
 He light on those shall bring him down.  
 —But see, who comes his news to show !  
 Malise ! what tidings of the foe ?"—

## VIII

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive  
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.  
 I saw the Moray's silver star,  
 And mark'd the sable pale of Mar."—  
 "By Alpine's soul, high tidings those !  
 I love to hear of worthy foes.  
 When move they on ?"—"To-morrow's noon  
 Will see them here for battle boune."<sup>1</sup>  
 "Then shall it see a meeting stern !—  
 But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn  
 Nought of the friendly clans of Earn ?  
 Strengthen'd by them, we well might bide  
 The battle on Benledi's side.  
 Thou couldst not ?—Well ! Clan-Alpine's men  
 Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen ;  
 Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,  
 All in our maids' and matrons' sight,  
 Each for his hearth and household fire,  
 Father for child, and son for sire,—  
 Lover for maid beloved !—But why—  
 Is it the breeze affects mine eye ?  
 Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear !

<sup>1</sup> For battle boune—ready for battle.



*Valentine & Sons Ltd.*

BIRCH TREE IN TROSSACHS GLEN.



A messenger of doubt or fear ?  
 No ! sooner may the Saxon lance  
 Unfix Benledi from his stance,  
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu !  
 'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—  
 Each to his post !—all know their charge.”  
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
 The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,  
 Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.  
 —I turn me from the martial roar,  
 And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

## IX

Where is the Douglas ?—he is gone ;  
 And Ellen sits on the grey stone  
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan ;  
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer  
 Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.—  
 “ He will return—Dear lady, trust !—  
 With joy return ;—he will—he must.  
 Well was it time to seek, afar,  
 Some refuge from impending war,  
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm  
 Are cow'd by the approaching storm.  
 I saw their boats, with many a light,  
 Floating the live-long yesternight,  
 Shifting like flashes darted forth  
 By the red streamers of the north ;  
 I mark'd at morn how close they ride,  
 Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,  
 Like wild-ducks couching in the fen,  
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.  
 Since this rude race dare not abide  
 The peril on the mainland side,  
 Shall not thy noble father's care  
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare ?”—

## X

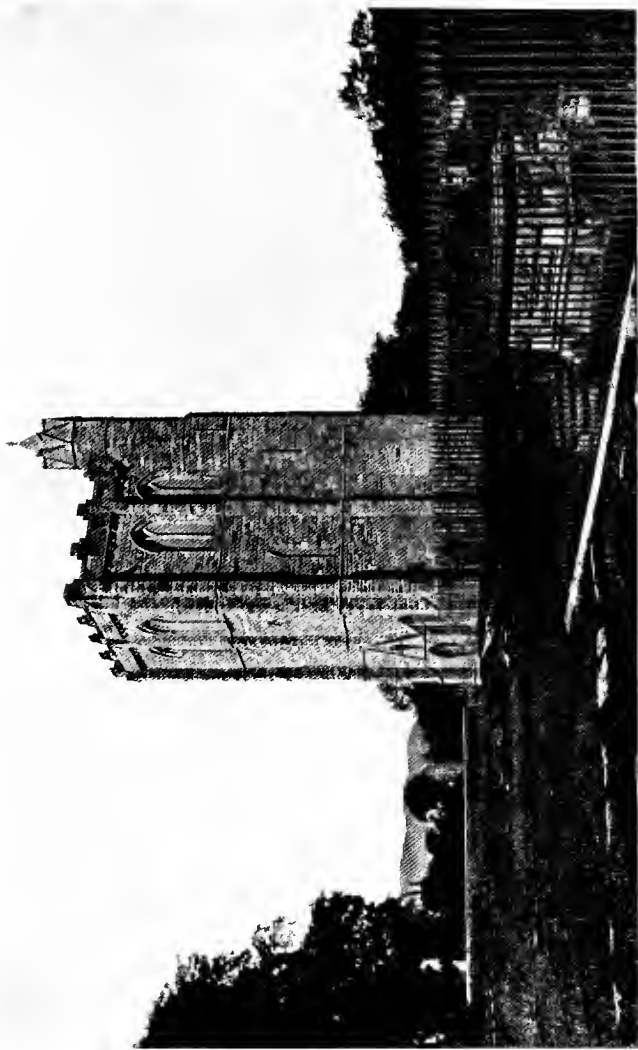
## ELLEN

“ No, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind  
 My wakeful terrors could not blind,

When in such tender tone, yet grave,  
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,  
 The tear that glisten'd in his eye  
 Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.  
 My soul, though feminine and weak,  
 Can image his ; e'en as the lake,  
 Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,  
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.  
 He hears report of battle rife,  
 He deems himself the cause of strife.  
 I saw him redden, when the theme  
 Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream,  
 Of Malcolm Græme, in fetters bound,  
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.  
 Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught ?  
 Oh no ! 'twas apprehensive thought  
 For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—  
 (Let me be just) that friend so true ;  
 In danger both, and in our cause !  
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.  
 Why else that solemn warning given,  
 ' If not on earth, we meet in heaven ' ?  
 Why else, to Cambuskenneth's fane,  
 If e'er return him not again,  
 Am I to hie, and make me known ?  
 Alas ! he goes to Scotland's throne,  
 Buys his friend's safety with his own ;—  
 He goes to do—what I had done,  
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son !”—

## XI

“ Nay, lovely Ellen !—dearest, nay !  
 If aught should his return delay,  
 He only named yon holy fane  
 As fitting place to meet again.  
 Be sure he's safe ; and for the Græme,—  
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name !—  
 My vision'd sight may yet prove true,  
 Nor bode of ill to him or you.  
 When did my gifted dream beguile ?  
 Think of the stranger at the isle,  
 And think upon the harpings slow,



CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY.

*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*





That presaged this approaching woe !  
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear ;  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
 Would we had left this dismal spot !  
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.  
 Of such a wondrous tale I know—  
 Dear lady, change that look of woe,  
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.”—

ELLEN

“ Well, be it as thou wilt ; I hear,  
 But cannot stop the bursting tear.”  
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
 But distant far was Ellen’s heart.

XII

Ballad

ALICE BRAND \*

Merry it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis<sup>1</sup> and merle<sup>2</sup> are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter’s horn is ringing.

“ O Alice Brand, my native land  
 Is lost for love of you ;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

“ O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
 That on the night of our luckless flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

“ Now must I teach to hew the beech  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

“ And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaughter’d deer,  
 To keep the cold away.”—

<sup>1</sup> Thrush.<sup>2</sup> Blackbird.

“O Richard! if my brother died,  
 ’Twas but a fatal chance;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

“If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we’ll say, is the russet grey,  
 As gay the forest-green.

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand.”

## XIII

## Ballad continued

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
 On the beech’s pride, and oak’s brown side,  
 Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who won’d within the hill,—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruin’d church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle’s screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies’ fatal green?”

“Up, Urgau, up! to yon mortal hie,  
 For thou wert christen’d man;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For mutter’d word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the wither’d heart,  
 The curse of the sleepless eye;  
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
 Nor yet find leave to die.”



*G. W. Wilson & Co.*

FAIRY RING IN THE TROSSACHS.



## XIV

## Ballad continued

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 Though the birds have still'd their singing ;  
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
 Before Lord Richard stands,  
 And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
 "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
 "That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
 That woman void of fear,—  
 "And if there's blood upon his hand,  
 'Tis but the blood of deer."—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !  
 It cleaves unto his hand,  
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
 And made the holy sign,—  
 "And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
 By Him whom Demons fear,  
 To show us whence thou art thyself,  
 And what thine errand here ?"—

## XV

## Ballad continued

"'Tis merry, tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
 When fairy birds are singing,  
 When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
 With bit and bridle ringing :

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
 But all is glistening show,  
 Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
 Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, ’twixt life and death, was snatch’d away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine.”

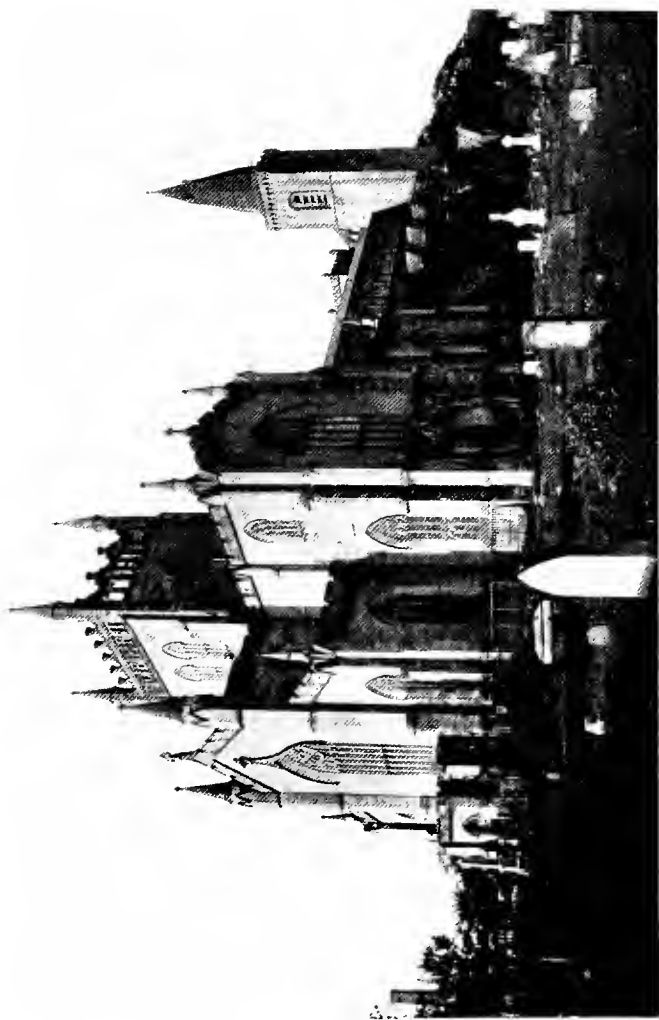
She cross’d him once—she cross’d him twice—  
That lady was so brave ;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She cross’d him thrice, that lady bold ;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey  
When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,  
A stranger climb’d the steepy glade :  
His martial step, his stately mien,  
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—  
’Tis Snowdoun’s Knight, ’tis James Fitz-James.  
Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
Then, starting, scarce suppress’d a scream :  
“O stranger ! in such hour of fear,  
What evil hap has brought thee here ?”—  
“An evil hap how can it be,  
That bids me look again on thee ?



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*





By promise bound, my former guide  
 Met me betimes this morning tide,  
 And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,  
 The happy path of my return."—  
 "The happy path!—what! said he nought  
 Of war, of battle to be fought,  
 Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!  
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—  
 "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,  
 —Yonder his tartans I discern;  
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure  
 That he will guide the stranger sure!—  
 What prompted thee, unhappy man?  
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan  
 Had not been bribed by love or fear,  
 Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

## XVII

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
 Since it is worthy care from thee;  
 Yet life I hold but idle breath,  
 When love or honour's weigh'd with death.  
 Then let me profit by my chance,  
 And speak my purpose bold at once.  
 I come to bear thee from a wild,  
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;  
 By this soft hand to lead thee far  
 From frantic scenes of feud and war.  
 Near Bochastle my horses wait;  
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower——"  
 "O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,  
 To say I do not read thy heart;  
 Too much, before, my selfish ear  
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.  
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;  
 And how, O how, can I atone  
 The wreck my vanity brought on!—  
 One way remains—I'll tell him all—  
 Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!

Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,  
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !  
 But first—my father is a man  
 Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban ;  
 The price of blood is on his head,  
 With me 'twere infamy to wed.—  
 Still wouldst thou speak ?—then hear the truth !  
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—  
 If yet he is !—exposed for me  
 And mine to dread extremity—  
 Thou hast the secret of my heart ;  
 Forgive, be generous, and depart !”

## XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train  
 A lady's fickle heart to gain ;  
 But here he knew and felt them vain.  
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
 To give her steadfast speech the lie ;  
 In maiden confidence she stood,  
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
 And told her love with such a sigh  
 Of deep and hopeless agony,  
 As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,  
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
 Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,  
 But not with hope fled sympathy.  
 He proffer'd to attend her side,  
 As brother would a sister guide.—  
 “O ! little know'st thou Roderick's heart !  
 Safer for both we go apart.  
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn,  
 If thou may'st trust yon wily kern.”  
 With hand upon his forehead laid,  
 The conflict of his mind to shade,  
 A parting step or two he made ;  
 Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,  
 He paused, and turn'd, and came again.

## XIX

“Hear, lady, yet a parting word !—  
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword

Preserved the life of Scotland's lord,  
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
And bade, when I had boon to crave,  
To bring it back, and boldly claim  
The recompense that I would name.  
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
But one who lives by lance and sword;  
Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
His lordship the embattled field.  
What from a prince can I demand,  
Who neither reck of state nor land?  
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
Seek thou the king without delay;  
This signet shall secure thy way;  
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
As ransom of his pledge to me.”  
He placed the golden circlet on,  
Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.  
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
He join'd his guide, and wending down  
The ridges of the mountain brown,  
Across the stream they took their way,  
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

## XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,  
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:  
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—  
“Murdoch! was that a signal cry?”—  
He stammer'd forth,—“I shout to scare  
Yon raven from his dainty fare.”  
He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,  
His own brave steed:—“Ah! gallant grey!  
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well  
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—  
Murdoch, move first—but silently;  
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!”  
Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
Each silent, each upon his guard.

❦

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
 Around a precipice's edge,  
 When lo! a wasted female form,  
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
 In tatter'd weeds and wild array,  
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
 And glancing round her restless eye,  
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
 Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.  
 Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom ;  
 With gesture wild she waved a plume  
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing ;  
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,  
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
 The tartan plaid she first descried,  
 And shriek'd till all the rocks replied ;  
 As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,  
 For then the Lowland garb she knew ;  
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,  
 And then she wept, and then she sung—  
 She sung!—the voice, in better time,  
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;  
 And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII

Song

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
 But were I now where Allan glides,  
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,  
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
 That Heaven would close my wintry day !  
 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
 They bade me to the church repair ;  
 It was my bridal morn, they said,  
 And my true love would meet me there.

*Photobrom Co., Ltd.*



ALLAN WATER.



But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile !  
 And woe betide the fairy dream !  
 I only waked to sob and scream.

## XXIII

“Who is this maid ? what means her lay ?  
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,  
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.”—  
 “'Tis Blanche of Devan,” Murdoch said,  
 “A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,  
 When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.  
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,  
 And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade.  
 I marvel she is now at large,  
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—  
 Hence, brain-sick fool !”—He raised his bow :—  
 “Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,  
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar !”—  
 “Thanks, champion, thanks !” the Maniac cried,  
 And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.  
 “See the grey pennons I prepare,  
 To seek my true-love through the air !  
 I will not lend that savage groom,  
 To break his fall, one downy plume !  
 No !—deep amid disjointed stones,  
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,  
 And then shall his detested plaid,  
 By bush and brier in mid air staid,  
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
 Meet signal for their revelry.”—

## XXIV

“Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still !”—  
 “Oh ! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—  
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
 But still it loves the Lincoln green ;

And, though mine ear is all unstrung,  
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

“For O my sweet William was forester true,  
He stole poor Blanche’s heart away !  
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
And so blithely he trill’d the Lowland lay !

“It was not that I meant to tell . . .  
But thou art wise and guessest well.”  
Then, in a low and broken tone,  
And hurried note, the song went on.  
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,  
She fix’d her apprehensive eye ;  
Then turn’d it on the Knight, and then  
Her look glanced wildly o’er the glen.

## XXV

“The toils are pitch’d, and the stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily ;  
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily.

“It was a stag, a stag of ten,<sup>1</sup>  
Bearing its branches sturdily ;  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

“It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully ;  
She warn’d him of the toils below,  
O, so faithfully, faithfully !

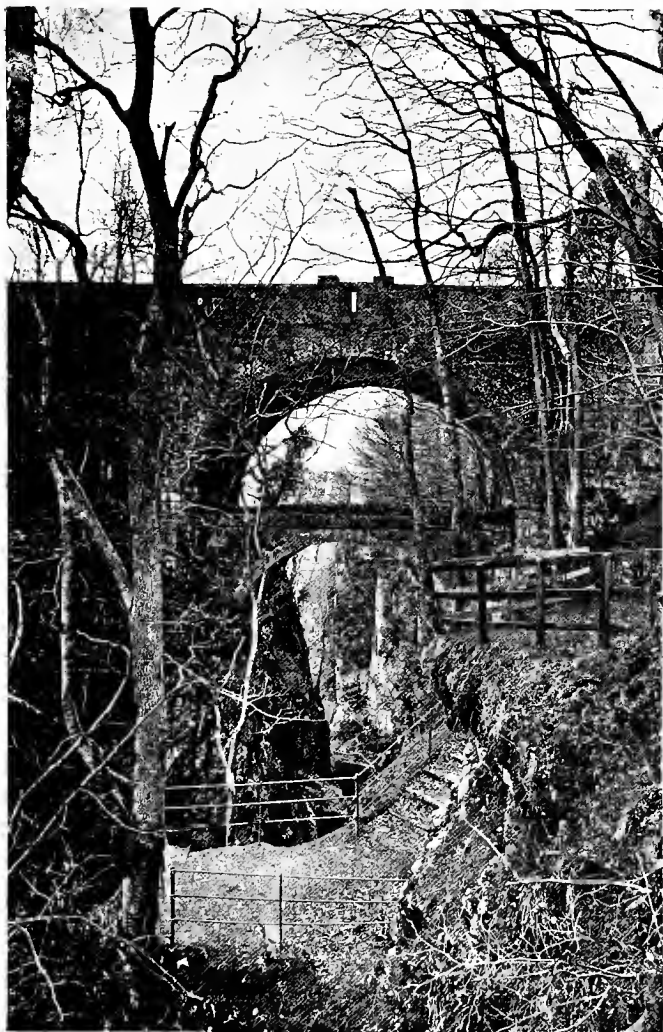
“He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily ;  
He had a foot, and he could speed—  
Hunters watch so narrowly.”

## XXVI

Fitz-James’s mind was passion-toss’d,  
When Ellen’s hints and fears were lost ;  
But Murdoch’s shout suspicion wrought,  
And Blanche’s song conviction brought.—

<sup>1</sup> Having ten branches on his antlers.





*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

RUMBLING BRIDGE, RIVER DEVON.



Not like a stag that spies the snare,  
But lion of the hunt aware,  
He waved at once his blade on high,  
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"  
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
But in his race his bow he drew.  
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,  
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—  
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,  
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!  
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,  
The fierce avenger is behind!  
Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
The forfeit death—the prize is life!  
Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
Close couch'd upon the heathery moor;  
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—  
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,  
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!  
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,  
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;  
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain  
Ere he can win his blade again.  
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,  
He grimly smiled to see him die;  
Then slower wended back his way,  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

## XXVII

She sate beneath the birchen tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;  
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—  
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.  
"This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason's power than years before;  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless injured wretch I die,

And something tells me in thine eye,  
 That thou wert mine avenger born.—  
 Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn  
 This little tress of yellow hair,  
 Through danger, frenzy, and despair!  
 It once was bright and clear as thine,  
 But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.  
 I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,  
 Nor from what guiltless victim's head—  
 My brain would turn!—but it shall wave  
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave,  
 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,  
 And thou wilt bring it me again.—  
 I waver still.—O God! more bright  
 Let reason beam her parting light!—  
 O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,  
 And for thy life preserved by mine,  
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,  
 With tartans broad, and shadowy plume,  
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—  
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.”

## XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;  
 Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,  
 And now with mingled grief and ire,  
 He saw the murder'd maid expire.  
 “God, in my need, be my relief,  
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!”  
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
 And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
 “By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
 No other favour will I wear,  
 Till this sad token I imbrue  
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
 —But hark! what means yon faint halloo?

The chase is up,—but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."  
 Barr'd from the known but guarded way,  
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,  
 And oft must change his desperate track,  
 By stream and precipice turn'd back.  
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
 From lack of food and loss of strength,  
 He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,  
 And thought his toils and perils o'er :—  
 "Of all my rash adventures past,  
 This frantic feat must prove the last !  
 Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
 That all this Highland hornet's nest  
 Would muster up in swarms so soon  
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune ?  
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—  
 Hark, to the whistle and the shout !—  
 If farther through the wilds I go,  
 I only fall upon the foe :  
 I'll couch me here till evening grey,  
 Then darkling try my dangerous way."

## XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
 The owl awakens from her dell,  
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;  
 Enough remains of glimmering light  
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
 Yet not enough from far to show  
 His figure to the watchful foe.  
 With cautious step, and ear awake,  
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;  
 And not the summer solstice, there,  
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
 But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
 Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.  
 In dread, in danger, and alone,  
 Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,  
 Tangled and steep, he journey'd on ;

Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,  
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

## XXX

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
“Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !”  
“A stranger.”—“What dost thou require ?”—  
“Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”—  
“Art thou a friend to Roderick ?”—“No.”  
“Thou darrest not call thyself a foe ?”—  
“I dare ! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”—  
“Bold words !—but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ?  
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
Who say thou camest a secret spy !”—  
“They do, by heaven !—Come Roderick Dhu,  
And of his clan the boldest two,  
And let me but till morning rest,  
I write the falsehood on their crest.”—  
“If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.”—  
“Then by these tokens mayest thou know  
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.”—  
“Enough, enough ;—sit down, and share  
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.”

## XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer ;\*  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech address'd :—



DUNCRAGGAN HUTS.

*G. H. Wilson & Co.*





“Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;  
Each word against his honour spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
Yet more,—upon thy fate, ’tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :  
But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,  
Will I depart from honour’s laws ;  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name ;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle’s ford ;  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”—  
“I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as ’tis nobly given !”—  
“Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry  
Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.”  
With that he shook the gather’d heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

## CANTO FIFTH

## The Combat

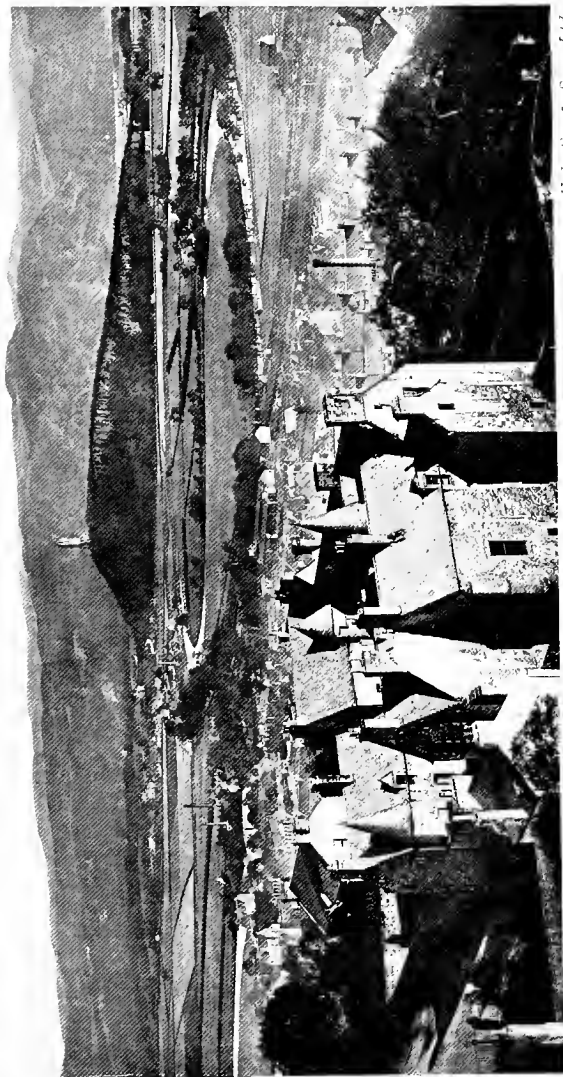
## I

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

## II

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
 The warriors left their lowly bed,  
 Look'd out upon the dappled sky,  
 Mutter'd their soldier matins by,  
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael<sup>1</sup> around him threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the way,  
 By thicket green and mountain grey.  
 A wildering path !—they winded now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
 Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain

<sup>1</sup> The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders *Sassenach*, or Saxons.



WINDINGS OF THE FORTU, FROM SURLING.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



Assistance from the hand to gain ;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

## III

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
He sought these wilds ? traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## IV

" Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
" I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
When here, but three days since, I came,  
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,

As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war,  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,  
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."—  
 "Yet why a second venture try?"—  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—  
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid :  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone."—

## v

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"  
 —"No, by my word ;—of bands prepared  
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—  
 "Free be they flung!—for we were loth  
 Their silken fold should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,  
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,



LOCH VENNACHER.





With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :  
 Yet this alone might from his part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

## VI

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade ?  
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?  
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood  
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?  
 He rights such wrong where it is given,  
 If it were in the court of heaven."—  
 "Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due ;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command,<sup>1</sup>  
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

## VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,—  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,  
 Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between :—  
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land.

<sup>1</sup> Albany was Regent during James V.'s minority.

Where dwell we now ? See, rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household bread ;  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore !  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest.  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey ?  
 Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,—  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution true ?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—

## VIII

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“ And, if I sought,  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid ?  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ? ”—  
 “ As of a meed to rashness due :  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,  
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,  
 Save to fulfil an augury.”—  
 “ Well, let it pass ; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.



RODERICK DHU'S WATCH TOWER, LOCH KATRINE.

G. H. Wilson & Co.



Enough, I am by promise tied  
 To match me with this man of pride :  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
 In peace ; but when I come agen,  
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band !"—

## IX

“Have, then, thy wish !”—he whistled shrill,  
 And he was answer'd from the hill ;  
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
 From crag to crag the signal flew.  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;  
 From shingles grey their lances start,  
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
 The rushes and the willow-wand  
 Are bristling into axe and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.  
 That whistle garrison'd the glen  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still.  
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung,  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—“How say'st thou now ?

These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu !”

## X

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before :—  
“ Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.”  
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  
Short space he stood—then waved his hand,  
Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low ;  
It seem'd as if their mother Earth  
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide :  
The sun's last glance had glinted back,  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—  
The next, all unreflected, shone  
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

## XI

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied,  
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.







Thou art my guest ;\* —I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ;—I only meant  
To show the reed ou which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”  
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
Kept on its wout and temper'd flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonour'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left ; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

## XII

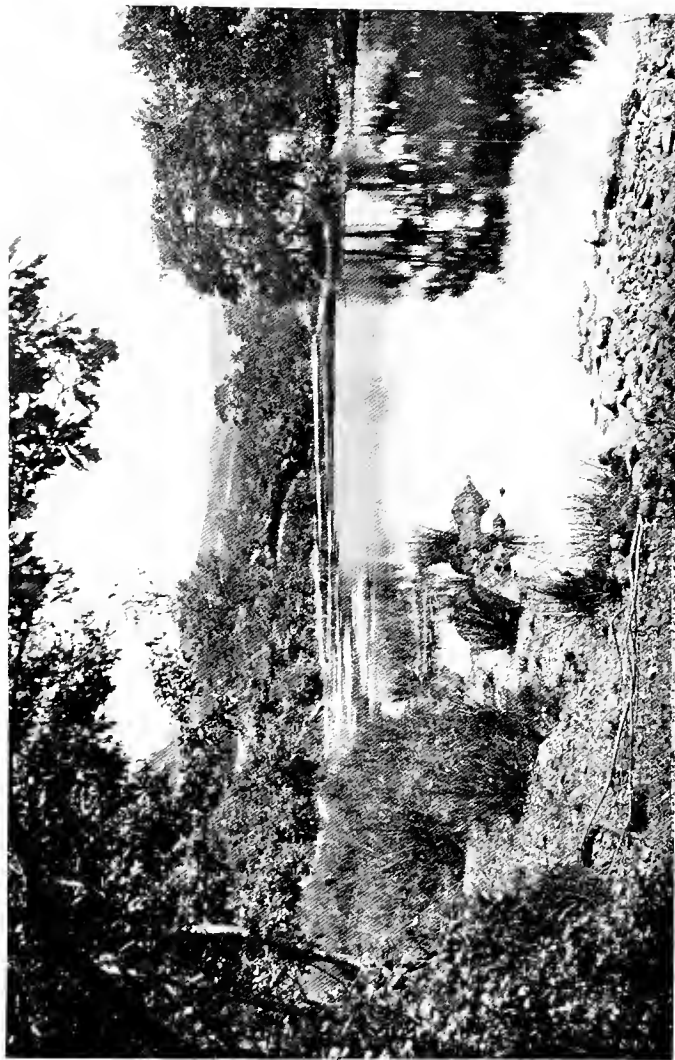
The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,

Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.<sup>1</sup>  
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,  
 Threw down his target and his plaid,  
 And to the Lowland warrior said :—  
 “ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan,  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
 See here, all vantageless I stand,  
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

## XIII

The Saxon paused :—“ I ne'er delay'd,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;  
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved :  
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?  
 Are there no means ?”—“ No, Stranger, none !  
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;  
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead :  
 ‘ Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
 His party conquers in the strife.’”—  
 “ Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,  
 “ The riddle is already read.  
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,

<sup>1</sup> Upon a small eminence, called the Dun of Bochastle, between Loch Vennachar and Callander, there are some intrenchments, which have been supposed to be Roman.



COILLANOGLE FORD, LOCH VENNACHER.

*Edinburgh & Sons, Ltd.*



When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favour free,  
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,  
 That, to thy native strengths restored,  
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

## XIV

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—  
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?  
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—  
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valour light  
 As that of some vain carpet knight,  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."—  
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see again;  
 Then foot, and point, and eye oppos'd,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## XV

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.\*  
 He practised every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

## XVI

" Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !"—  
 " Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
 —Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;\*  
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—

They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,  
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,  
His knee was planted in his breast ;  
His clotted locks he backward threw,  
Across his brow his hand he drew,  
From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—  
—But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.  
Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## XVII

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,  
Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;  
Next on his foe his look he cast,  
Whose every gasp appear'd his last ;  
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—  
“Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :  
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
The praise that Faith and Valour give.”  
With that he blew a bugle-note,  
Undid the collar from his throat,  
Unbonneted, and by the wave  
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.  
Then faint afar are heard the feet  
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;  
The sounds increase, and now are seen  
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;  
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;  
Each onward held his headlong course,  
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—

With wonder view'd the bloody spot—  
 —“Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight;  
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,  
 We destined for a fairer freight,  
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;  
 I will before at better speed,  
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
 The sun rides high;—I must be bounè,  
 To see the archer-game at noon;  
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

## XVIII

“Stand, Bayard, stand!”—the steed obey'd,  
 With arching neck and bended head,  
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,  
 As if he loved his lord to hear.  
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,  
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the plain,  
 Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,  
 And stirr'd his courage with the steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
 The rider sate erect and fair,  
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow  
 Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.  
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,  
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew;  
 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,  
 His merry-men follow'd as they might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy tide;  
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,  
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;  
 They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,  
 They sink in distant woodland soon;  
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;  
 They mark just glance and disappear





*Photodurum Co., Ltd.*

OCHTERTYRE.



The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;  
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,  
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,  
 And on the opposing shore take ground,  
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.  
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !  
 And soon the bulwark of the North,  
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,  
 Upon their fleet career look'd down.

## XIX

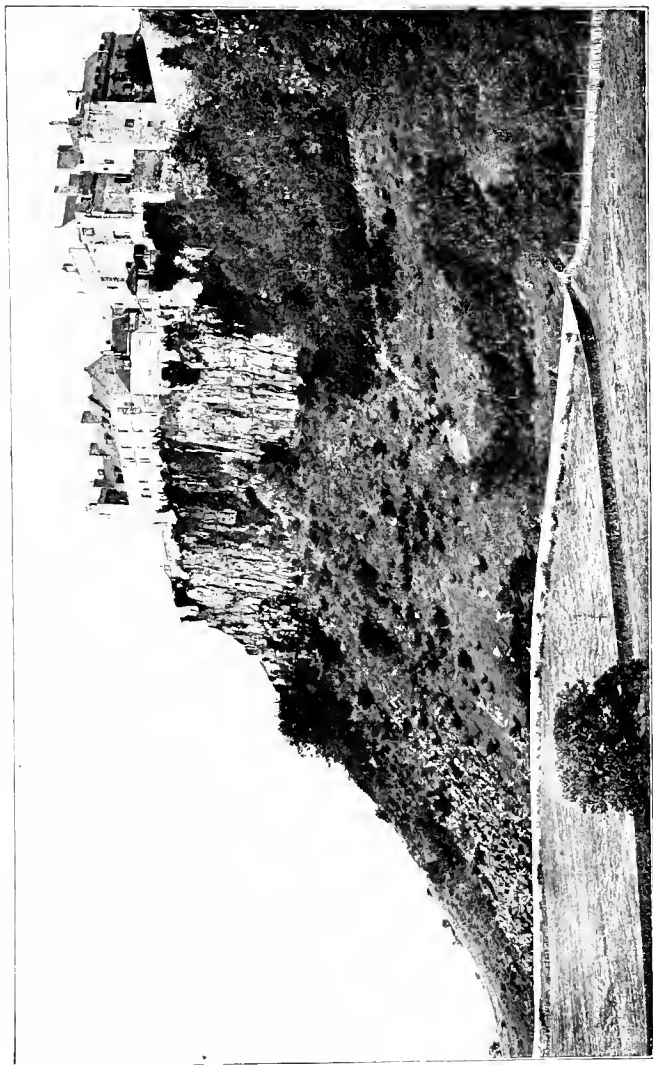
As up the flinty path they strain'd,  
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd ;  
 A signal to his squire he flung,  
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—  
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,  
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array ?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
 With which he scales the mountain-side ?  
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ?"—  
 "No, by my word ;—a burly groom  
 He seems, who in the field or chase  
 A baron's train would nobly grace."—  
 "Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye ?  
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I knew ;  
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle !  
 The uncle of the banish'd Earl.  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe :  
 The King must stand upon his guard ;  
 Douglas and he must meet prepared."  
 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight  
 They won the castle's postern gate.

## XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambuskenneth's abbey grey,

Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,  
 Held sad communion with himself :—  
 “ Yes ! all is true my fears could frame ;  
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel.  
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
 God grant the ransom come not late !  
 The Abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven ;  
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear !  
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent ! but that is by,  
 And now my business is—to die.  
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ; \*  
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !  
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,  
 In motley groups what masquers meet !  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers come.  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.<sup>1</sup>  
 James will be there ; he loves such show,  
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
 As well as where, in proud career,  
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.  
 I'll follow to the Castle-park,  
 And play my prize ;—King James shall mark,  
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,

<sup>1</sup> Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and other gymnastic exercises of the period.



STIRLING CASTLE, FROM KING'S PARK.

*Paterson & Sons, Ltd.*



Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

## XXI

The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung,  
And echo'd loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low,  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.  
Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims—  
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"  
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight,  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way.  
—But in the train you might discern  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;  
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,  
And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were each from home a banish'd man,  
There thought upon their own grey tower,  
Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
And deem'd themselves a shameful part  
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

## XXII

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.

There morricers, with bell at heel,  
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ;  
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
 Bold Robin Hood \* and all his band,—  
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,  
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John ;  
 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
 In archery to prove their skill.  
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
 His first shaft center'd in the white,  
 And when in turn he shot again,  
 His second split the first in twain.  
 From the King's hand must Douglas take  
 A silver dart, the archer's stake ;  
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,  
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—  
 No kind emotion made reply !  
 Indifferent as to archer wight,  
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

## XXIII

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
 And proud demanded mightier foes,  
 Nor call'd in vain ; for Douglas came.  
 —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear.  
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,<sup>1</sup>  
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd ;  
 Indignant then he turn'd him where  
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
 To hurl the massive bar in air.

<sup>1</sup> The usual prize of a wrestling, as Scott humorously explained, was a ram and a ring, "but the animal would have embarrassed my story."



When each his utmost strength had shown,  
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky,  
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;—  
And still in Stirling's royal park,  
The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
And moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.  
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd  
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad.  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,  
And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;  
Till whispers rose among the throng,  
That heart so free, and hand so strong,  
Must to the Douglas blood belong ;  
The old men mark'd, and shook the head,  
To see his hair with silver spread,  
And wink'd aside, and told each son,  
Of feats upon the English done,  
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand  
Was exiled from his native land.  
The women praised his stately form,  
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;  
The youth with awe and wonder saw  
His strength surpassing Nature's law.  
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,  
Till murmur rose to clamours loud.  
But not a glance from that proud ring  
Of peers who circled round the King,  
With Douglas held communion kind,  
Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ;  
No, not from those who, at the chase,  
Once held his side the honour'd place,  
Begirt his board, and, in the field,

Found safety underneath his shield ;  
For he, whom royal eyes disown,  
When was his form to courtiers known !

## XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,  
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine  
Might serve the archery to dine.  
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North,—  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.  
She left the royal hounds mid-way,  
And dashing on the antler'd prey,  
Suuk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.  
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport  
By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,  
In anger struck the noble hound.  
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,  
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;  
But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
To share his board, to watch his bed,  
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck  
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;  
They were such playmates, that with name  
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.  
His stifled wrath is brimming high,  
In darken'd brow and flashing eye ;  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride ;  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore.  
Such blow no other hand could deal,  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.



*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

STIRLING.

10

11

## XXVI

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,  
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain.  
 But stern the Baron's warning—"Back !  
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !  
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes ! behold,  
 King James ! the Douglas, doom'd of old,  
 And vainly sought for near and far,  
 A victim to atone the war,  
 A willing victim, now attends,  
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—  
 "Thus is my clemency repaid ?  
 Presumptuous Lord !" the monarch said ;  
 "Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,  
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
 The only man, in whom a foe  
 My woman-mercy would not know :  
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
 Injurious blow, and haughty look ?—  
 What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !  
 Give the offender fitting ward.—  
 Break off the sports !"—for tumult rose,  
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—  
 "Break off the sports !" he said, and frown'd,  
 "And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

## XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray  
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day.  
 The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,  
 Repell'd by threats and insult loud ;  
 To earth are borne the old and weak,  
 The timorous fly, the women shriek ;  
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,  
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.  
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep  
 The royal spears in circle deep,  
 And slowly scale the pathway steep ;  
 While on the rear in thunder pour  
 The rabble with disorder'd roar.  
 With grief the noble Douglas saw

The Commons rise against the law,  
And to the leading soldier said,—  
“Sir John of Hyndford! ’twas my blade  
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;  
For that good deed, permit me then  
A word with these misguided men.—

## XXVIII

“Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,  
Ye break the bands of fealty.  
My life, my honour, and my cause,  
I tender free to Scotland’s laws.  
Are these so weak as must require  
The aid of your misguided ire?  
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low,  
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,  
Those cords of love I should unbind,  
Which knit my country and my kind?  
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower  
It will not soothe my captive hour,  
To know those spears our foes should dread,  
For me in kindred gore are red;  
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,  
For me, that mother wails her son;  
For me, that widow’s mate expires;  
For me, that orphans weep their sires;  
That patriots mourn insulted laws,  
And curse the Douglas for the cause.  
O let your patience ward such ill,  
And keep your right to love me still!”

## XXIX

The crowd’s wild fury sunk again  
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.  
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray’d  
For blessings on his generous head,  
Who for his country felt alone,  
And prized her blood beyond his own.  
Old men, upon the verge of life,  
Bless’d him who staid the civil strife;

And mothers held their babes on high,  
 The self-devoted Chief to spy,  
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire :  
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;  
 As if behind some bier beloved,  
 With trailing arms and drooping head,  
 The Douglas up the hill he led,  
 And at the Castle's battled verge,  
 With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

## XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,  
 With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
 And would not now vouchsafe again  
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.  
 "O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
 This chaugeling crowd, this common fool ?  
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim  
 With which they shout the Douglas name ?  
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat  
 Strain'd for King James their morning note ;  
 With like acclaim they hail'd the day  
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway ;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy king !

## XXXI

"But soft ! what messenger of speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?  
 I guess his cognizance afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of Mar ?"—  
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound  
 Within the safe and guarded ground :

For some foul purpose yet unknown,—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—  
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew ;  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose banditti stand array'd.  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,  
 To break their muster march'd, and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle fought ;  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride."—

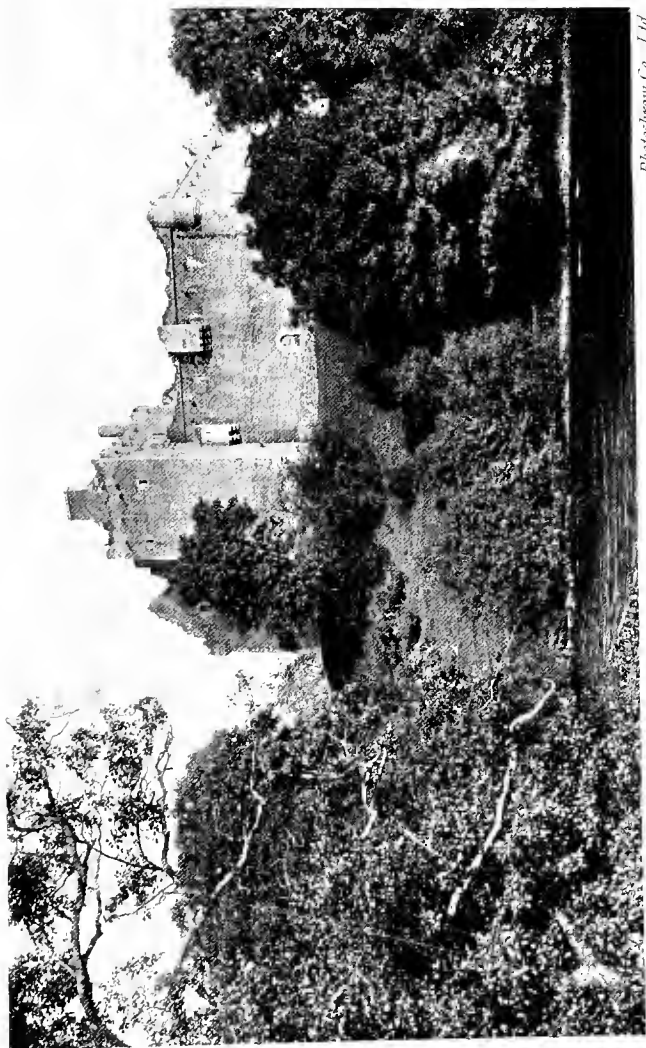
## XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—  
 I should have earlier look'd to this :  
 I lost it in this bustling day.  
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.  
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,  
 We do forbid the intended war :  
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,  
 Was made our prisoner by a knight ;  
 And Douglas hath himself and cause  
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws.  
 The tidings of their leaders lost  
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,  
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.  
 Bear Mar our message, Braco : fly !"—  
 He turn'd his steed,—“ My liege, I hie,—  
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.”  
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,  
 And to his towers the King return'd.

## XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day,  
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;  
 Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,  
 And soon cut short the festal song.





*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*

DOUNE CASTLE.



Nor less upon the sadden'd town  
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
 Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,  
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
 All up in arms :—the Douglas too,  
 They mourn'd him pent within the hold,  
 “Where stout Earl William was of old”—  
 And there his word the speaker staid,  
 And finger on his lip he laid,  
 Or pointed to his dagger blade.  
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
 At evening to the Castle press'd ;  
 And busy talkers said they bore  
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore ;  
 At noon the deadly fray begun,  
 And lasted till the set of sun.  
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,  
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

## CANTO SIXTH

*The Guard-Room*

## I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;  
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,  
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;  
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,  
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,  
 Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam !  
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,  
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;

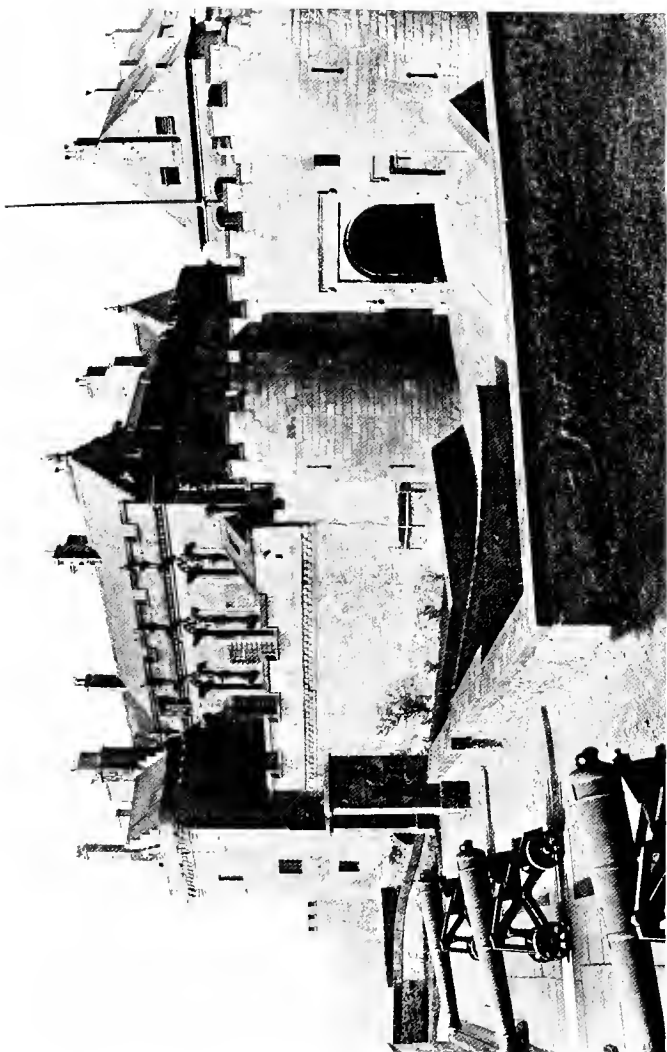
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,  
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,  
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;  
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

## II

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.  
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,  
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky air,  
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,  
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fever'd with the stern debauch ;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,  
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.  
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench ;  
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench ;  
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness rung.

## III

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;  
Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
To live by battle which they loved.  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ;



STIRLING CASTLE AND PALACE.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



The mountain-loving Switzer there  
More freely breathed in mountain-air ;  
The Fleming there despised the soil,  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;  
Their rolls show'd French and German name ;  
And merry England's exiles came,  
To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield ;  
In camps licentious, wild, and bold ;  
In pillage fierce and uncontrol'd ;  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released.

## IV

They held debate of bloody fray,  
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.  
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,  
Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;  
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear  
Of wounded comrades groaning near,  
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,  
Bore token of the mountain sword,  
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,  
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard ;  
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
At length up-started John of Brent,  
A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;  
A stranger to respect or fear,  
In peace a chaser of the deer,  
In host a hardy mutineer,  
But still the boldest of the crew,  
When deed of danger was to do.  
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,  
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,  
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl !  
And, while a merry catch I troll,  
Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V

## Soldier's Song

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,  
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,  
 And the seven deadly sins in a fagon of sack ;  
 Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,  
 Drink upsees<sup>1</sup> out, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,  
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,  
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye ;  
 Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gilliau the quicker,  
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?  
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ;  
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,  
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.  
 Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,  
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !

## VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
 Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.  
 A soldier to the portal went,—  
 "Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent ;  
 And,—beat for jubilee the drum !  
 A maid and minstrel with him come."  
 Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,  
 Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
 A harper with him, and in plaid  
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,  
 Who backward shrank to 'scape the view  
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
 "What news ?" they roar'd :—"I only know,  
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,  
 As wild and as untameable  
 As the rude mountains where they dwell ;  
 On both sides store of blood is lost,

<sup>1</sup> Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.



Nor much success can either boast."—  
 "But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil  
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.  
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;  
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!  
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
 The leader of a juggler band."—

## VII

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.  
 After the fight these sought our line,  
 That aged harper and the girl,  
 And, having audience of the Earl,  
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
 And bring them hitherward with speed.  
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
 For none shall do them shame or harm."—  
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,  
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;  
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
 To pay the forester his fee?  
 I'll have my share, howe'er it be,  
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."  
 Bertram his forward step withstood;  
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
 Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;  
 But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
 And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:—  
 So, from his morning cloud, appears  
 The sun of May, through summer tears.  
 The savage soldiery, amazed,  
 As on descended angel gazed;  
 Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,  
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

## VIII

Boldly she spoke,—“Soldiers, attend!  
 My father was the soldier's friend;  
 Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,  
 And with him in the battle bled.

Not from the valiant, or the strong,  
 Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."—  
 Answer'd De Brent, most forward still  
 In every feat or good or ill,—  
 "I shame me of the part I play'd :  
 And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid !  
 An outlaw I by forest laws,  
 And merry Needwood knows the cause.  
 Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"—  
 He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
 "Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—  
 Hear ye, my mates ;—I go to call  
 The Captain of our watch to hall :  
 There lies my halberd on the floor ;  
 And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
 To do the maid injurious part,  
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart !—  
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rough :  
 Ye all know John De Brent. Enough."

## IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young.—  
 (Of Tullibardine's house he sprung),  
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight ;  
 Gay was his mien, his humour light,  
 And, though by courtesy controll'd,  
 Forward his speech, his bearing hold.  
 The high-born maiden ill could brook  
 The scanning of his curious look  
 And dauntless eye ;—and yet, in sooth,  
 Young Lewis was a generous youth ;  
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
 Might lightly bear construction strange,  
 And give loose fancy scope to range.  
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid !  
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
 Like errant damosel of yore ?  
 Does thy high quest a knight require,  
 Or may the venture suit a squire ?"—  
 Her dark eye flash'd ;—she paused and sigh'd,—



VALE OF MENTEITH.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*



“O what have I to do with pride!—  
 Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,  
 A suppliant for a father’s life,  
 I crave an audience of the King.  
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.”

## X

The signet-ring young Lewis took,  
 With deep respect and alter’d look;  
 And said,—“This ring our duties own;  
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
 In semblance mean obscurely veil’d,  
 Lady, in aught my folly fail’d.  
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
 The King shall know what suitor waits.  
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
 Repose you till his waking hour;  
 Female attendance shall obey  
 Your hest, for service or array.  
 Permit I marshal you the way.”  
 But, ere she followed, with the grace  
 And open bounty of her race,  
 She bade her slender purse be shared  
 Among the soldiers of the guard.  
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took;  
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
 On the reluctant maiden’s hold  
 Forced bluntly back the proffer’d gold;—  
 “Forgive a haughty English heart,  
 And O forget its ruder part!  
 The vacant purse shall be my share,  
 Which in my barret-cap I’ll bear,  
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war,  
 Where gayer crests may keep afar.”  
 With thanks—’twas all she could—the maid  
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

## XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
 Allan made suit to John of Brent:—

" My lady safe, O let your grace  
 Give me to see my master's face !  
 His minstrel I,—to share his doom  
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
 Nor one of all the race was known  
 But prized its weal above their own.  
 With the Chief's birth begins our care ;  
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir,  
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
 His earliest feat of field or chase ;  
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse—  
 A doleful tribute !—o'er his hearse.  
 Then let me share his captive lot ;  
 It is my right—deny it not !"—  
 " Little we reck," said John of Brent,  
 " We Southern men, of long descent ;  
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—  
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :  
 Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—  
 God bless the house of Beaudesert !  
 And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
 More than to guide the labouring steer,  
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ;  
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

## XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
 Through grated arch and passage dread.  
 Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,  
 Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din ;  
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
 Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,  
 And many a hideous engine grim,  
 For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,  
 By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame

And sin to give their work a name.  
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,  
And made the bar unhasp its hold.  
They enter'd :—'twas a prison-room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its way,  
And rude and antique garniture  
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor ;  
Such as the rugged days of old  
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.  
" Here," said De Brent, " thou mayst remain  
Till the Leech visit him again.  
Strict is his charge, the warders toll,  
To tend the noble prisoner well."  
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,  
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.  
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed  
A captive feebly raised his head ;  
The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—  
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu !  
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,  
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

## XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore  
Shall never stem the billows more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,  
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—  
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu !  
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw  
In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,  
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,  
Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;—  
O ! how unlike her course at sea !  
Or his free step on hill and lea !—  
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,  
" What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—  
My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all !

Have they been ruin'd in my fall?  
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?  
 Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.”—  
 (For Allan, who his mood well knew,  
 Was choked with grief and terror too.)—  
 “Who fought?—who fled?—Old man, be brief;—  
 Some might—for they had lost their Chief  
 Who basely live?—who bravely died?”—  
 “O, calm thee, Chief!” the Minstrel cried,  
 “Ellen is safe;”—“For that, thank Heaven!”—  
 “And hopes are for the Douglas given;—  
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well;  
 And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,  
 Has never harp of minstrel told,  
 Of combat fought so true and bold.  
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
 Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

## XIV

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,  
 And fever's fire was in his eye;  
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks  
 Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.  
 —“Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,  
 With measure bold, on festal day,  
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .  
 That stirring air that peals on high,  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.—  
 Strike it!—and then (for well thou canst),  
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,  
 Fling me the picture of the fight,  
 When met my clan the Saxon might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!  
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,  
 For the fair field of fighting men,  
 And my free spirit burst away,  
 As if it soar'd from battle-fray.”  
 The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;  
 But soon remembrance of the sight



He witness'd from the mountain's height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night,  
 Awaken'd the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along ;—  
 As shallop launch'd on river's tide,  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream,  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

## XV

## Battle of Beal' an Duine \*

“The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
 For, ere he parted, he would say  
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !  
     There is no breeze upon the fern,  
     Nor ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her eyry nods the erne,  
     The deer has sought the brake ;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
     The springing trout lies still,  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
     Benledi's distant hill.  
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
     That mutters deep and dread,  
 Or echoes from the groaning ground  
     The warrior's measured tread ?  
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
     That on the thicket streams,  
 Or do they flash on spear and lance  
     The sun's retiring beams ?  
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
 I see the Moray's silver star,  
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
 That up the lake comes winding far !  
 To hero bound for battle-strife,  
     Or bard of martial lay,  
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
     One glance at their array !

## XVI

"Their light-arm'd archers far and near  
 Survey'd the tangled ground,  
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
 A twilight forest frown'd,  
 Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,  
 The stern battalia crown'd.  
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum ;  
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,  
 The sullen march was dumb.  
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad ;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,  
 That shadow'd o'er their road.  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stir'd the roe ;  
 The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.  
 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws ;  
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## XVII

"At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
 Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell !  
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
 The archery appear ;  
 For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,

Are maddening in the rear.  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
 Pursuers and pursued ;  
 Before that tide of flight and chase,  
 How shall it keep its rooted place,  
 The spearmen's twilight wood ?—  
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down !  
 Bear back both friend and foe !'—  
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
 That serried grove of lances brown  
 At once lay levell'd low ;  
 And closely shouldering side to side,  
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.—  
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
 As their Tinchel<sup>1</sup> cows the game !  
 They come as fleet as forest deer,  
 We'll drive them back as tame.'—

## XVIII

" Bearing before them, in their course,  
 The relics of the archer force,  
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.  
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright  
 Was brandishing like beam of light,  
 Each targe was dark below ;  
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
 They hurl'd them on the foe.  
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash,  
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
 As if an hundred anvils rang !  
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank  
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,  
 —' My banner-man, advance !  
 I see,' he cried, ' their column shake.—  
 Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,  
 Upon them with the lance !'—

<sup>1</sup> A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*.

The horsemen dash'd among the rout,  
 As deer break through the broom ;  
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
 They soon make lightsome room.  
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—  
 Where, where was Roderick then !  
 One blast upon his bugle-horn  
 Were worth a thousand men !  
 And reflux through the pass of fear  
 The battle's tide was pour'd ;  
 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,  
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.  
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,  
 Receives her roaring linn,  
 As the dark caverns of the deep  
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
 So did the deep and darksome pass  
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :  
 None linger now upon the plain,  
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

## XIX

" Now westward rolls the battle's din,  
 That deep and doubling pass within,  
 —Minstrel, away ! the work of fate  
 Is bearing on : its issue wait,  
 Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile  
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—  
 Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.  
 The sun is set ;—the clouds are met,  
 The lowering scowl of heaven  
 An inky hue of livid blue  
 To the deep lake has given ;  
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen  
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.  
 I heeded not the eddying surge,  
 Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,  
 Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,  
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,  
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife  
 That parts not but with parting life,





Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll  
 The dirge of many a passing soul.  
 Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen  
 The martial flood disgorged agen,  
     But not in mingled tide ;  
 The plaided warriors of the North  
 High on the mountain thunder forth  
     And overhang its side ;  
 While by the lake below appears  
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.  
 At weary bay each shatter'd band,  
 Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;  
 Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,  
 That flings its fragments to the gale,  
 And broken arms and disarray  
 Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

## XX

“ Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,  
 The Saxon stood in sullen trance,  
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
     And cried—‘ Behold yon isle !—  
 See ! none are left to guard its strand,  
 But women weak, that wring the hand :  
 'Tis there of yore the robber band  
     Their booty wont to pile ;—  
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,  
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,  
 And loose a shallop from the shore.  
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.’—  
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,  
 On earth his casque and corslet rung,  
     He plunged him in the wave :—  
 All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
 And to their clamours Benvenue  
     A mingled echo gave ;  
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
 The helpless females scream for fear,  
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
 Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven ;

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,  
 Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.  
 Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,  
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;  
 For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,  
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—  
 In vain—He nears the isle—and lo !  
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.  
 —Just then a flash of lightning came,  
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame ;—  
 I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,  
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
 A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand :  
 It darken'd,—but, amid the moan  
 Of waves, I heard a dying groan ;  
 Another flash !—the spearman floats  
 A weltering corse beside the boats,  
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,  
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

## XXI

“ ‘Revenge ! revenge !’ the Saxons cried,  
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied.  
 Despite the elemental rage,  
 Again they hurried to engage ;  
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,  
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,  
 Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,  
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.  
 Clarion and trumpet by his side  
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,  
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar  
 A herald's voice forbade the war,  
 For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,  
 Were both, he said, in captive hold.”  
 —But here the lay made sudden stand !—  
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand !—  
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy  
 How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy :  
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,  
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;  
 That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong



Varied his look as changed the song ;  
 At length, no more his deafen'd ear  
 The minstrel melody can hear ;  
 His face grows sharp,—his hands are clench'd,  
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd ;  
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
 Is sternly fix'd on vacancy ;  
 Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew  
 His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !—  
 Old Allan-Bane look'd on aghast,  
 While grim and still his spirit pass'd :  
 But when he saw that life was fled,  
 He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

## XXII

## Lament

“ And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !  
 For thee shall none a requiem say ?  
 —For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,  
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
 The shelter of her exiled line,  
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine !

“ What groans shall yonder valleys fill !  
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !  
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
 Thy fall before the race was won,  
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !  
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
 But would have given his life for thine.—  
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine !

“ Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—  
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
 The prison'd eagle dies for rage.  
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !  
 And, when its notes awake again,

Even she, so long beloved in vain,  
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."

## XXIII

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
 Remain'd in lordly bower apart,  
 Where play'd, with many-colour'd gleams,  
 Through storied pane the rising beams.  
 In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
 And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,  
 And for her use a menial train  
 A rich collation spread in vain.  
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
 Scarce drew one curious glance astray ;  
 Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,  
 With better omen dawn'd the day  
 In that lone isle, where waved on high  
 The dun-deer's hide for canopy ;  
 Where oft her noble father shared  
 The simple meal her care prepared,  
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
 Her station claim'd with jealous pride,  
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,  
 Whose answer, oft at random made,  
 The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—  
 Those who such simple joys have known,  
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.  
 But sudden, see, she lifts her head !  
 The window seeks with cautious tread.  
 What distant music has the power  
 To win her in this woful hour !  
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

## XXIV

## Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,

My horse is weary of his stall,  
 And I am sick of captive thrall.  
 I wish I were, as I have been,  
 Hunting the hart in forest green,  
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
 For that's the life is meet for me.  
 I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
 Inch after inch, along the wall.  
 The lark was wont my matins ring,  
 The sable rook my vespers sing ;  
 These towers, although a king's they be,  
 Have not a hall of joy for me.  
 No more at dawning morn I rise,  
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
 And homeward wend with evening dew ;  
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
 And lay my trophies at her feet,  
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
 That life is lost to love and me !”

## XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
 The list'ner had not turn'd her head,  
 It trickled still, the starting tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her ear,  
 And Snowdown's graceful knight was near.  
 She turn'd the hastier, lest again  
 The prisoner should renew his strain.—  
 “O welcome, brave Fitz-James !” she said ;  
 “How may an almost orphan maid  
 Pay the deep debt——” “O say not so !  
 To me no gratitude you owe.  
 Not mine, alas ! the boon to give,  
 And bid thy noble father live ;  
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
 With Scotland's king thy suit to aid.  
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
 May lay his better mood aside.  
 Come, Ellen, come ! 'tis more than time,

He holds his court at morning prime."  
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
 As to a brother's arm she clung.  
 Gently he dried the falling tear,  
 And gently whisper'd hope and cheer ;  
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,  
 Through gallery fair, and high arcade,  
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
 A thronging scene of figures bright ;  
 It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
 As when the setting sun has given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
 And from their tissue, fancy frames  
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid ;  
 A few faint steps she forward made,  
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence gazed ;  
 For him she sought, who own'd this state,  
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate.  
 She gazed on many a princely port,  
 Might well have ruled a royal court ;  
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,  
 Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,  
 For all stood bare ; and, in the room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
 To him each lady's look was lent ;  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent ;  
 Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring.—  
 And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Scott took some pains to conceal the secret of the King's identity with Fitz-James ; and in his introduction to the edition of 1831 he confesses that he was annoyed when a friend for whose acuteness he had not much respect detected the secret in the first canto, where the huntsman winds his bugle to summon his attendants. James V. is known to have had a passion for wandering among his subjects incognito, and in the ballad of *The Jolly Beggar* he winds his horn in like manner at the close of the adventure.

## XXVII

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;  
 No word her choking voice commands,—  
 She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her hands.  
 O ! not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous prince, that suppliant look !  
 Gently he raised her ; and, the while,  
 Check'd with a glance the circle's smile ;  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,  
 And bade her terrors be dismiss'd :—  
 “ Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;  
 He will redeem his signet ring.  
 Ask nought for Douglas ; yester even,  
 His prince and he have much forgiven :  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue—  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
 We would not, to the vulgar crowd,  
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
 Our council aided, and our laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn ;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—  
 But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

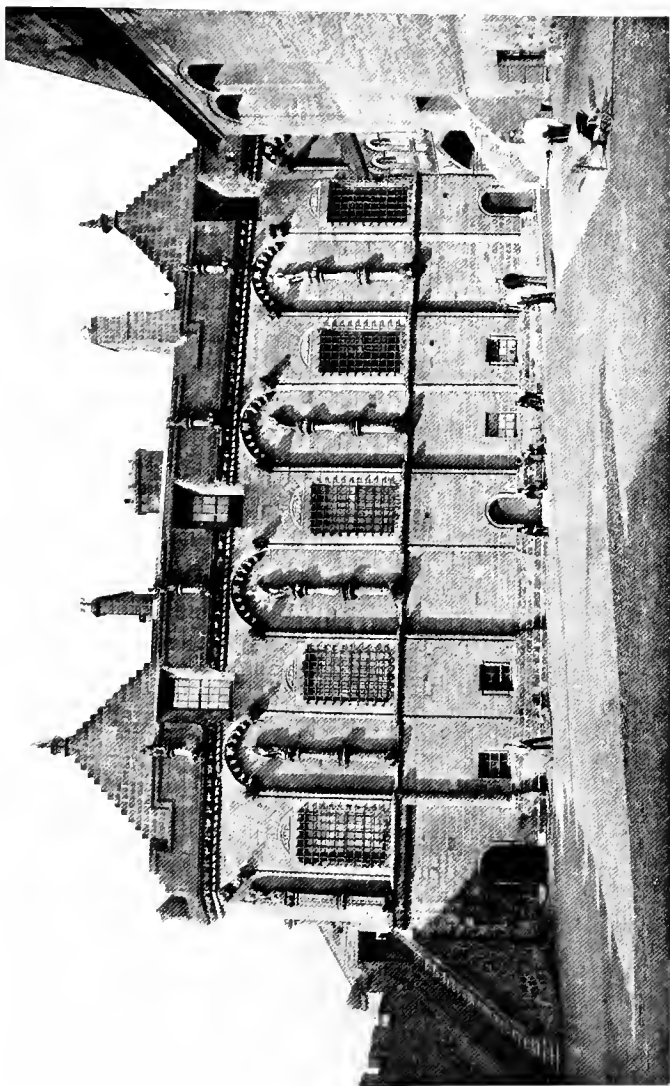
## XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter hung.  
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
 When it can say, with godlike voice,  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !

Yet would not James the general eye  
On Nature's raptures long should pry ;  
He stepp'd between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,  
Steal not my proselyte away !  
The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.  
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power,  
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,  
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—  
Then, in a tone apart and low,—  
"Ah, little traitress ! none must know  
What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
What vanity full dearly bought,  
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive !"—  
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold  
That little talisman of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?"

## XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd  
He probed the weakness of her breast ;  
But, with that consciousness, there came  
A lightening of her fears for Græme,  
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire  
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,  
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;  
And, to her generous feeling true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.  
"Forbear thy suit :—the King of kings  
Alone can stay life's parting wings :  
I know his heart, I know his hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand :—



STIRLING PALACE.

*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*





My fairest earldom would I give  
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live !—  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave ?  
 No other captive friend to save ?”  
 Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
 As if she wish'd her sire to speak  
 The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.—  
 “Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course.—  
 Malcolm, come forth !”—And, at the word,  
 Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.  
 “For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
 A refuge for an outlaw'd man,  
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
 Fetters and warder for the Græme !”——  
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
 Then gently drew the glittering band,  
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

---

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;  
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.  
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,  
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,  
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp !  
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
 And little reck I of the censure sharp  
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

THE TOPOGRAPHY  
OF  
"THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

BY THE LATE

SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, K.C.B.  
Astronomer-Royal

ONE of the most remarkable features in Scottish geography is the straight deep valley, which in its southern part is nearly filled by Loch Lomond, and in its northern part, under the name of Glen Falloch, extends to Crianlarich, where it meets the head of Glen Dochart. Adopting the eastern side of this valley, from the deep gap of Inversnaid to Crianlarich, as a base, a chain of mountain country projects from that base, in a nearly E.S.E. direction; bounded on the north by Glen Dochart, Glen Ogle, Loch Earn, and the river Earn to its confluence with the Tay; and on the south by the gap of Inversnaid, Loch Arklet, the greater part of Loch Katrine, the Achray Water at the south side of the Trossachs, Loch Achray, the Dubh Ahnaimm Water, Loch Vennachar, the Teith to Stirling, and part of the course of the Devon.

The different clusters of lofty ground in this chain bear the following names:—

The first or westernmost contains the Braes of Balquhidder, with the Ben More of Glen Dochart, Loch Voil, Ben A'an, and the forest of Glen Finlas, with Ben Ledi. It is terminated eastward by the cleft of the Pass of Leny, Loch Lubnaig, and Strathyre: the Callander and Oban Railway now runs through this cleft.

The second cluster towards the east contains Ben Voirlich, the large basin of Glen Artney (nearly meeting at its head the Keltie Water of Callander, but with no distinct gap or pass) and the Braes of Doune, including Uam Var. The ground slopes down gradually to the south-east into Strath Allan, through which, by the side of the Allan Water, passes the railway from Stirling to Perth.

Between this depression and the lower grounds towards the Forth rises the third cluster, the steep and lofty Ochil Hills. They contain nothing of interest for this poem, except that the Devon Water rises in their bosom and takes a south-easterly course, then suddenly changes its direction to south-west under the face of the hills, and falls into the Forth near Stirling.

Northward of the northern boundary of the chain of mountain country which I have described, there are, in the western section, the mountains of Brcadalbane, and in the eastern section, Strath Earn and the lowlands of Perthshire; which, however, contain nothing of interest for the present discussion. But southward of the southern boundary there are,—first, south of the Inversnaid Gap, Ben Lomond, and the neighbouring districts of Craig Royston, along the banks of Loch Lomond (the abode of the fierce clan of MacGregor); then, immediately south of the east end of Loch Katrine, is Ben Venue; after this, south of Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, is the lowland district of Menteith, followed by the low country of the Forth about and beyond Stirling.

I shall now proceed with the analysis of the poem.

### CANTO I

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill  
Whers danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glen Artney's hazel shade;  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Ben Voirlich's head,  
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way," etc.

In the second cluster of mountains to which I have alluded above is the wide basin of Glen Artney. Its streams unite into the Ruchill Water, which runs towards the north-east and north, and falls into the Earn near the village of Comrie. In the angle between the south side of the Earn and the east side of the Ruchill, and near the roadside, is Dealgin Ross, where there are still obscure traces of a large rectangular camp, which General Roy has identified as one of Agricola's camps. The projections of the high grounds approach on the east and west sides of the gap through which the Ruchill escapes. From the western projection, nearly 4 miles west of Comrie, a small stream descends to the north, and falls into the Earn very near St. Fillans, at the east end of Loch Earn. This small stream is the Monan (called the "Gonan" in the Ordnance Map). The stag, passing up by this stream over the western projection of the high grounds, descended at once into one of the upper dells of Glen Artney. (There are still some hazels in Glen Artney, but perhaps nothing which can be called a copse.) It appears that the party of hunters must have come from the north side of the Earn, crossing it at the bridge of Comrie. Ben Voirlich was not in sight till they had ascended far up the valley.

The writer of this commentary once took a light carriage

from Comria, with the idea of finding a distinct road over the head of the Glen Artney basin to Callander. The road was passably good for a considerable distance, till, in approaching the principal glen and feeder of the Ruchill Water (the glen is called Glen Grachan in Black's large map, and the stream is called Allt an Dubh Choirein in the Ordnance Map), which descends directly from Ben Voirlich, it was seen that the bold bridge over the stream was broken. A practicable ford was found a little lower; after this, the road ascended a soft moor, in which every trace of path was soon lost. The horse occasionally sank to his shoulders. The writer and his friend almost carried the vehicle over the moss, till they found a track along one of the branches of the Kelty, and descended on Callander.

Before reaching the broken bridge, we had on our eastern or left hand the steep bare slope up to the heights of Uam Var, commemorated in the lines—

“For, ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun.”

The stag, which had been roused from the northern side of Glen Artney (to which the way by the Monan had led him), had crossed the width of the glen south-south-easterly to the slope of Uam Var.

“The noble stag was pausing now  
Upon the mountain's southern brow;  
Where, broad extended, lay beneath  
The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
And pondered refuge from his toil  
By far Loch Ard or Aberfoyle;  
But nearer was the copsewood gray  
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,  
And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.”

The term “southern brow” applies well to the face of Uam Var which overlooks the Teith, as will be seen on viewing it from the grounds south of Callander; the face appears almost mural. The command of Menteith is correctly described.

The writer once gained the summit of Uam Var by an interesting course. Quitting the Stirling and Perth Railway at the Greenloaning station, he walked to Ardoch, where he surveyed the Roman fort, an admirable specimen of the smaller class of permanent fort, with treble ramparts and ditches. Going into the village of Braco, he found an intelligent guide, with whom, crossing the Keir brook, he rose by a long and easy ascent to the summit. The walking at the top was exceedingly laborious, from the depth of the fissures in the peat. The first

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leading mark which there greeted his eye was the summit of Ben Lomond, which guided the view easily towards Loch Ard and Abarfoyle (both upon the principal head of the Forth, which rises in Ben Lomond); the next was Ben Vennachar; and the third was the glitter of Loch Vennachar. The water of Loch Achray was not visible; but the wooded slopes in its neighbourhood were seen. The descent towards Callander was made by an eastern branch of the Kelty.

For the places mentioned in the following lines of the poem, it will suffice to remark that Cambusmore ("Great Church"<sup>1</sup>) is a hamlet (about two miles south-east of Callander, between the Kelty and the side of the present road), near to which the stag and the hunters must have descended; that on approaching Callander, the southern slopes of Ben Ledi become conspicuous; that Bochastle is a large house and offices (to gain which, the chase must have crossed the river flowing from Loch Lubnaig), near the eastern extremity of Loch Vennachar, standing in sound meadow-ground, which here is called "Bochastle's heath," but in another canto is called "Bochastle's plain," and in the lines introductory to the single combat is called "a wide and level green." The chase then passed westward along the north side of Loch Vennachar, under the steep slopes of Ben Ledi (which in the latter part passes very closely on the lake), and arrived at the Brig o' Turk. The Turk is the stream which rises midway between Loch Voil and Loch Achray, flows southwardly through Glen Finlas, and falls into the river which carries the water of Loch Achray into Loch Vennachar. Glen Finlas is the western boundary of Ben Ledi. We shall have to allude again to the pass between Ben Ledi and Loch Vennachar, and to the entrance of Glen Finlas.

After the Brig o' Turk, the one remaining horseman continued to follow the stag along the shore of Loch Achray. And here it is to be remarked that the "margin of the lake" is now in a state very different from that supposed in the poem, which apparently represents its condition as Walter Scott first knew it. The present marginal road is entirely artificial, formed in some measure by blasting down the rocks. The original footways, which passed through the rocky and wood-covered hills that bound the north side of Loch Achray, seem to be quite obliterated. (I have endeavoured to trace one path rising from the Mansa, and one beyond the Trossachs Hotel, but have soon lost all signs of them.) The old way cannot have passed in any great degree by the lake-side, and the chase by the lake-side must have been over very rough ground. Thus in the poem—

"Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock, their race they take."

---

<sup>1</sup> Rather "The Great Bend," or curve of the river?—ED.



"The hunter viewed the mountain high,  
That lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay  
Where that huge rampire barred the way."

In the latter part of the course by the side of Loch Achray, and more especially at the little plain between the lake and the Trossach rocks, Ben Venue is full in front. The stag and the hunter pressed on, not towards the present road through the Trossachs, but rounding the lake in a W.S.W. direction, towards Ben Venue; and it was in one of the dells in that part of the Trossache, before reaching the Achray Water, that the "gallant grey" perished. It will be seen hereafter that the same locality is indicated by an incident preceding the interview with Blanche of Devon.

"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banke of Scine," etc.

In reference to the ultimate *dénouement*, it is to be remarked that, a few years after the death of James IV. at Flodden, his widow, Queen Margaret, retired to France, and James V., then a boy, probably accompanied her. Allusion is again made to foreign education in the combat, Canto V., in the words "trained abroad<sup>1</sup> his arms to wield."

Then follows the description, unsurpassed in beauty, of the path through the Trossachs, commencing with

"The western waves of ebbing day."

I have never seen the Trossachs under the combined conditions of evening hour and splendid weather best answering to this description; but I believe that, in these circumstances, the poetical account is not exaggerated. The district is one of the most remarkable that I have ever seen. As viewed from above, the most favourable positions for which are on the ascent of the crags near Ben A'an, it is seen to be a confused collection of hills, with no leading cleft, and no wide opening of any kind among them.<sup>2</sup> The chasm through which the present roadway is carried appears to be the easiest for passage from Loch Achray towards Loch Katrine; there is, however, one or more to the left (south); and one to the right (north), through which I have forced my way, and which I could almost conjecture to be Scott's glen; the latter of these drops upon Loch Katrine

<sup>1</sup> The art of fencing with the rapier appears to have been introduced into Britain in the reign of Henry VIII., not far from the time of this poem. Allusion to it as practised at a later time by Sir Piercie Shafton occurs in the *Monastery*.

<sup>2</sup> One of the hollows, under a steep rock, is called "Sgiath nam mucan dubha" ("Shelter of the black hogs"). The name of the second mountain in Scotland is "Ben Muichdhui" ("Hill of the black hog"). It seems not improbable that the wild boar may have inhabited these localities. It is conjectured that the names "Grisdale" and "Grassmoor," in Cumberland, have been derived from the same circumstances.

where a small stream falls, one-fifth of a mile north of the steamboat pier. And there are numerous cross-chasms, creating a most confused geography.

The first contracted view of Loch Katrine has been slightly modified; the lake-side roads are shifted, some rocks are covered with water, etc., by the elevation (about five feet) which has been given to it by the sluice arrangements of the Glasgow Waterworks. But the first wider view which the tourist sees is that which FitzJames saw, "an inland sea," not the whole lake, but a portion interrupted by a peninsular projection from the north shore. It is well to remark, that Scott's term "the glen" includes this portion of the lake—thus the lines

"Till esch [mound], retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea,"

are immediately followed by

"And now, to issue from the glen," etc.

To escape from this contracted space, FitzJames walked along the north shore of the lake, separated from it for a time by the peninsula; after passing the peninsula, and passing the white-pebble beach, he came to a "far-projecting precipice"; not far overhanging, but far projecting from the mountains across the flat land into the lake, and absolutely stopping the path by the lake-side. For the guidance of the tourist, I give the following accurate measures and directions. From the steamboat-pier to the white-pebble beach (a little beyond the peninsula) is four-fifths of a mile. From the white-pebble beach to the "projecting precipice," which terminates to the left in FitzJames's rock, is half a mile. The modern road has been rising gradually, till at this point it attains its greatest height, about 50 feet above the lake; it is here partially built up and partially cut out of the rock; the lake is immediately below, and the cliff rises perpendicularly above. A low wall will be seen, rising gradually to the right; and behind this wall is an obscure path. On walking up this path, and turning a little to the left, the summit of the rock is gained, 120 feet (by aneroid) above the lake. The glorious view here obtained, when Loch Katrine

"In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light,  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land,"

is described accurately by Scott. I observed, from the rock, the course of the steamboat in its entire voyage to the

Stronachlachar pier. This direction is almost exactly westward, so that the appearance—

“One burnished sheet of living gold  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled”—

at FitzJames's evening visit to the rock may have been literally correct.

And FitzJames's suggestions on the proper ornaments to the scene—

“On this bold brow a lordly tower,  
In that soft vale a lady's bower,  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister gray,”

are perfectly adapted to the objects in view. The top of the rock is flat, about 80 feet square, well fitted for a “lordly tower”; “the soft vale” I imagine to be the green smooth point about half a mile to the north, or possibly the first open fields of Strath Gartney; and the “meadow” is undoubtedly the more distant green fields and cultivated grounds of Strath Gartney, all fully in sight.

It is worthy of remark that Scott's lines—

“And when the midnight moon shall lave  
Her forehead in the silvery wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matin's distant hum!”

are astronomically correct. The “midnight moon” is the moon which is most conspicuous at midnight, or is on the meridian at midnight; and her “laving her forehead in the western waves of Loch Katrine” implies that six hours (more or less) have passed since midnight, and the time for convent-matins has arrived.

The obscure path of which I have spoken is, I imagine, a remnant of the ancient, difficult path described by Scott—

“The broom's tough roots hia ladder made,” etc.

The ridge of which the rock is the termination is called in the 6-inch Ordnance Map “Druim Beag” (“little ridge”). The broad face of the rock, which rises perpendicularly from the water to the summit, is conspicuously seen from the lake, and also from the Strath Gartney road; it is seen, but less conspicuously, from the road in the neighbourhood of the peninsula and the white-pebble beach.

The identity of Ellen's Isle with the island visited by Fitz-James, and the general determination of the position, are established with certainty by its position in regard to Fitz-James's rock, as well as by “the beach of pebbles white as snow.” to which attention is also called in the third canto, as

"the silver beach's side," and "that silvery bay," and which is found here, and nowhere else, I believe, on the shore of Loch Katrine. (It is a beach of quartz pebbles, apparently from a quartz vein in the gneiss rock.) The characteristics of the mountains in sight are accurately described:—

"High to the south, huge Ben Venue  
Down to the lake in masses threw  
Rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world;  
A wildering forest feathered o'er  
His ruined sides and summit hoar;  
While on the north, in middle air,  
Ben A'an heaved high his forehead bare.

When I first visited Loch Katrine, a great deal of the "wildering forest" was in existence, but it is now totally destroyed.

I have ascended Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, and Ben A'an. The view from Ben Ledi is not interesting. That from Ben Venue commands Ben Lomond and the Ben More of Glen Dochart and other mountains of Breadalbane, and a portion of Loch Katrine; that from Ben A'an, which is a lower hill, gives a better command of the Trossachs and the nearest parts of Loch Katrine.

FitzJames's comments upon his suspicions and dreams refer with sufficient clearness to the struggle in which James V. finally crushed the power of the family of Douglas.

## CANTO II

The first canto of the poem is an excellent introduction to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake." The second has often been admired as an introduction of Roderick Dhu and his martial—or rather ruffianly—exploits. It concerns us here only so far as it places before us the geography of his enterprises.

In one of Ellen's speeches occurs the phrase "a Lennox foray." The Lennox was the lowland district surrounding the south end of Loch Lomond, included in the modern Dumbartonshire. The distance from Ellen's Isle gives an idea of the extent to which the forays or savage incursions of the Highlanders were carried.

"Bracklinn's thundering wave," to which Ellen alludes, is a waterfall on the principal branch of the Kelty. To visit it, it is necessary to ascend a lane which leaves the main road at the east end of Callander, for a quarter of a mile, and then to take a track to the right, which, though unenclosed, is fairly traceable, for nearly a mile. The stream is not very large, but the circumstances are striking. The water falls over the perpendicular face of a stratified rock.

"Maronnan's cell" is described in Scott's note as at Kilmarnock, near the south-east angle of Loch Lomond.

The flotilla bearing Roderick and his clansmen is seen as "bearing downwards from Glengyle," a glen at the upper end of Loch Katrine. (Briancoil is much nearer to the island.) As it appears, from the song which follows, that they had come from Loch Lomond, it is plain that they had passed through the Inversnaid Gap; subsequent allusions seem to show that, in some instances at least, the course along Loch Lomond was not by water, but by the paths through Craig Royston, and along the eastern side of the lake; though, in this instance, the places mentioned would be better reached by boats. The clansmen's song has the following triumphant stanzas:—

" Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;  
Glen Luss and Ross Dhu, they are smoking in ruin;  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on its side.  
Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again  
Roderick vich Alpine dhu! ho, ieroe!"

Glen Fruin is on the western side of Loch Lomond, and opens on the lake near its southern extremity; Bannochar is a hamlet in Glen Fruin. Glen Luss is also on the west side, but farther north. Ross Dhu is a mansion upon a headland and bay between Glen Fruin and Glen Luss. Leven-glen is the valley of the river Leven,<sup>1</sup> by which the water of Loch Lomond is discharged into the Clyde at Dumbarton. Thus all the places above mentioned are situate on the south-western angle of Loch Lomond.

Douglas, in a speech to Malcolm Græme, alludes to his former residence, Bothwell Castle, and to Blantyre Priory, thus:—

" O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud."

" Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,  
And Bothwell's bards sung back my praise.

Blantyre Priory and Bothwell Castle are both a few miles south-east of Glasgow, on opposite sides of the Clyde, and nearly opposite to each other. It appears from "Marmion" that Bothwell Castle was built or inhabited in the reign of James IV. (the king of Scotland who was killed at Flodden) by Archibald Bell-the-Cat—

<sup>1</sup> It is said that the ancient name of Loch Lomond was Loch Leven. Combining this with the circumstance that near Kinross there is another Loch Leven, with another Lomond Hill, it would seem probable that, in some extinct language, Leven signified "lake" and Lomond signified "mountain."

"The same who left the dusky vale  
Of Hermitage,<sup>1</sup> in Liddeedale,  
Its dungeons and its towers,  
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
To fix his princely bowers."

It must be remembered that the events of the "Lady of the Lake" refer to the reign of James V. (the father of Mary Queen of Scots).

Douglas also mentions Strath Endrick as the dwelling-place of Malcolm Græme. This is the valley of the Endrick, a stream which, after a westerly flow of considerable length, falls into the south-eastern angle of Loch Lomond.

Roderick Dhu refers, in justification of his alarm, to the tyrannous measures of King James towards the chiefs of Ettrick Forest and the Border, in the words—

"Loud cries their blood from Meggat's Mead,  
From Yarrow Braes and banks of Tweed,  
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,  
And from the silver Teviot's tide."

The Meggat is a small stream which falls into St. Mary's Loch, a lake in the course of the Yarrow. The Yarrow joins the Ettrick, which unites with the Tweed below Selkirk. The Ettrick and Yarrow rise in the great mountain-group called Ettrick Forest. The Teviot, which rises in the mountains on the Cumberland border, joins the Tweed at Kelso.

Roderick in expressing his hope of marriage with Ellen, utters the ferocious threat—

"When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell;  
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;  
And, when I light my nuptial torch,  
A thousand villages in flames  
Shall scare the slumbers of King James."

The Links of Forth are flat meadows by the side of the Forth, near Stirling. Thus this wanton destruction was to be carried close to an important seat of royalty.

### CANTO III

Brian the Hermit lived in a glen of Ben Harrow. This, in Black's smaller map, is a mountain a short distance east of Glen Falloch, not far north of the north end of Loch Lomond,

<sup>1</sup> Scott makes repeated mention of Hermitage Castle in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and in the "Bridal of Triermain." The writer of this essay visited it from the Riccarton railway-station. It seems difficult to imagine what motive can have led to the establishment of such a fortress in such a wild district.

in the Braes of Balquhiddel. Inoh Cailliach (the southernmost but one of the large islands of Loch Lomond) is sufficiently described in Scott's notes.

"The muster-place is Lanrick Mead."

Lanrick House is a dwelling-house near the upper end of Loch Vennachar (where the stream from Loch Achray enters Loch Vennachar); and, in going from Callander towards the Trossachs, this is the first place where the slopes of Ben Ledi, after pressing closely to the lake-side, are somewhat withdrawn from it. Lanrick Mead is a large meadow below the house. The enemies whom Roderick expected would probably come from Doune Castle, and must pass through the narrow space between Ben Ledi and Loch Vennachar; but incursions might also be made from Menteith, crossing the stream between the two lakes. The assembling of the armed men of the clan at Lanrick Mead would be an admirable preparation against both lines of attack.

The description of the course of Malise in carrying the Fiery Cross shows that he did not take any simple path. There were undoubtedly Highland huts right and left of any direct path through the Trossachs, and through the hill ground between Loch Achray and the high cliffs of Ben A'an, and he had to visit all or most of these. In taking cross-ways from one to another, he would encounter the difficulties expressed in the spirited stanza beginning with "Speed, Malise, speed."

It is certain that, in the times to which this poem is supposed to apply, and through the rebellion of 1745, and even to the end of the last century, the population of the Highlands was very much greater than it is now. Every chieftain had considered it to be his interest to collect as many people as possible on his domains, for military purposes. But the complete subjugation of the Highlands in 1745, and the enforcement of the Act passed in 1747 "for the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions," made it the pecuniary interest of chieftains to remove from their lands all the population except the very small proportion who could be employed in tending sheep. This removal was effected almost by violence; and to the present day "the clearance system" is a term frequently to be heard in the Highlands. The change in the aspect of the country thus produced is strongly and pathetically exhibited in the Introduction to the *Legend of Montrose*. "One southland farmer, three gray-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his [Sergeant More McAlpin's] youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants."

To return to the course of the Fiery Cross. Malise carried it as far as Duncraggan, a village (now a small one) where the

valley of the Turk opens out towards the plain between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. Here the son of the deceased Duncan received it, and carried it under the range of Ben Ledi, along the whole length of Loch Vennachar, to the mouth of the Pass of Leny or Strathyre, nearly abreast of Bochastle; he then turned to the left up the pass, and crossed the river below Loch Lubnaig. (St. Bride's Chapel and Tombea are on the east side of Loch Lubnaig, and Armandave on the west.) At this point the bridegroom received the Fiery Cross, and carried it northwardly by the east side of Lubnaig to Kingshouse; thence it was borne westwardly by Loch Voil, Loch Doine, and the Water of Balvaig, as if directed to the head of Loch Lomond, and then southwardly upon Strath Gartney, the land on the northern side of Loch Katrine.

"That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
 Surveyed the skirts of Ben Venue,  
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
 All backward came with news of truce:  
 Still lay each martial Grème and Bruce;  
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,  
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Chon."

Cardross is a house on the Forth, due south of Bochastle. Rednock is a castle, now in ruins, midway between Bochastle and Cardross. Duchray Castle is on Duchray Water, a stream eouth of Loch Ard, which descends to Aberfoyle. Loch Chon is a small lake north-west of Loch Ard.

The scene now changes to the Pass of Beal-nam-bo ("the Cattle Pass") and the Goblin Cave. And I can but express my astonishment that, of the enormous number of visitors to the Trossachs, so few visit this pass, within an hour's walk of the hotel, and offering by far the grandest scenery in this district. In Scott's description, Stanza xxvi., sufficient discrimination is not made between the Beal-nam-bo and the Goblin Cave, though they are perfectly distinguished in Stanza xxvii. The lines—

"The dell upon the mountain's crest  
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast,"

and those which follow, well describe the Beal-nam-bo. To visit it, the tourist on foot may pass from the hotel round the head of Loch Achray, cross the Achray Water by a bridge, then turn to the right, and pass (by sufferance only) through the yards of the Achray farm, where a bridge will carry him over the stream which descends from Ben Venue, after which he will find a pleasant path along the elevated bank of the Achray Water, followed by a somewhat marshy way through stony meadows, and thus he will reach the sluice at the east



end of Loch Katrine. This is the more instructive way of approaching, as it gives a close view of "the eastern ridge of Ben Venue" on one side, and a view of the rock-hills of the Trossachs immediately across the stream on the other side. But the sluice may be gained somewhat more easily, not by crossing the Achray Water, but by passing through the Trossachs and taking a boat to the sluice: the row thither is exceedingly beautiful. From the sluice the walk must be continued parallel to the lake-side, but separated from it by rocky swells (some of the "rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurled," which FitzJames saw, in the first canto); in fact, it is impossible to walk by the side of the lake. The dell of the Beal-nam-bo is now before the tourist, with the great cliffs of Ben Venue to the left, the rocky swells to the right, and the narrow cleft which "yawns like a gash on warrior's breast" high in front. At two gaps between the rocky swells there are sloping descents to the lake-side. The ascent to the cliff is steep, but not very troublesome. On the ground there are numerous blocks which have fallen from the cliffs, some of large dimensions. The whole scene is very grand. Of the birch-trees which Scott particularly mentions, very few remain.

After passing through the cleft, a shoulder of Ben Venue is reached, I think less than 1000 feet above the lake. It does, however, command the surface of the moors surrounding Ben A'sn; and, in the distance, among other mountains, the Ben More of Glen Dochart is well seen from it.

I have not actually passed beyond this point; but it appears to me that there is no difficulty in maintaining a rather elevated course for some distance, and finally descending by a stream called in the Ordnance Map, *Alt Culligart*, by which a practicable road on the lake-side, leading to *Stronachschar*, at the entrance to the *Inversnaid Gap*, would be reached.

The utility of the Beal-nam-bo as a cattle-pass is thus explained. Suppose cattle to be driven from the south end of Loch Lomond to *Inversnaid* and *Stronachlachar*. They could not then proceed to Loch Achray by the lake-side of Loch Katrine, because there is no possibility of passing the cliffs; and, though a practicable road may be found by Loch Ard, and south of Ben Venue, they could not venture on it, as it would lead them into the hostile district of *Menteith*. By rising to the head of the Beal-nam-bo and descending to the Achray Water, all difficulties were avoided.

Among the huge blocks in the lower part of the pass, there are many places which would give imperfect shelter, but there is none that answers to the *Goblin Cave*, and Scott himself avows this in his note. The place whose character approaches nearest to it is that (probably the same to which Scott refers) to which boatmen usually conduct strangers, situate in the

lower of the sloping descents between the rocky swells; it is utterly unfit for the rest even of a single person.

I may remark that in the Ordnance 6-inch Map the name Coir-nan-Uriskin (there spelt Coire-nan-Uruisgean) is appropriated to the swelling ground which forms the northern boundary of the narrow cleft, or perhaps to the depression east of that swell. The name ought to be placed in the next easterly depression.

Roderick Dhu apparently did not descend to the outfall of the lake at the present sluice, but took the more rapid slope directly to Loch Katrine, between the rocky swells to the right which I have mentioned above; thence he was rowed to the beach of white pebbles, passed through the Trossachs and parallel to Loch Achray, and thus reached Lanrick Mead at the nearest point of Loch Vennacher.

#### CANTO IV

"Brian an angury has tried  
(Of that dread kind which must not be  
Unless in dread extremity),—  
The Taghairm called."

Scott's description of this mode of seeking an oracle is taken almost verbatim from Pennant's *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 311. It is stated there as practised in the district of Trotterness in Skye, and as being confined to a single family.

I may take this opportunity of remarking that Scott's name of the clan appears to be taken from the same work, vol. ii. p. 8:—"The Mackinnons possess a small part of Skye; are a very ancient people, and call themselves Clan Alpin, or the descendants of Alpin, a Scottish monarch in the ninth century."

Duncraggan's milk-white bull is described as

"The choicest of the pray we had,  
When swept our merry-men Gallangad;  
  
He kept our stoutest kerns in awe,  
Even at the pass of Beal'maha;  
  
But when we came to Dennan's Row,  
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

At the south-eastern corner of Loch Lomond is a small lowland plain, of which Drymen is the principal village; it is nearly surrounded by mountains, and in particular is overlooked by the Gallan Hill. This plain is the Gallangad. The return towards Loch Katrine was by the east side of Loch Lomond, through the Pass of Beal'maha, correctly described by Pennant as "the narrow pass of Bualmacha, where the

Grampian Hills finish in the lake." (It is a narrow road under the cliffs by the lake-side.) The return continued to Dennan's Row, or Rowardennan, a ferry-station well known to tourists as a place of easy ascent to Ben Lomond. It is almost unnecessary to add that the return continued to Inversnaid, and afterwards by the Beal-nam-ho.

The description of the bull,—

"His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
His red eye glowed like fiery spark,"

agrees very nearly with that of the mountain-bull in the poem of "Cadzow Castle," and with that in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, chapter v.

The place at which Brian waited for prophetic inspiration is thus described :—

"That bull was slain ; his reeking hide  
They stretched the cataract beside,  
Whose waters their wild tumult toas  
Adown the black and craggy boss  
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.  
Conch'd on a shelf beneath its brink,  
  
The wizard waits prophetic dream,  
Nor distant rests the chief."

And the conversation which precedes shows that the place was near the station by the side of Loch Vennachar where Norman stood sentinel ; and that which follows shows that it was near the assembly of the clanemen on Lanrick Mead.

The following point answers every condition, and is, I have no doubt, the place which Scott had in view. About half a mile from the Bridge of Turk, on the side next Callander, a country lane leads in a north-west direction through the grounds and houses of Duncraggan, approaching gradually to the river Turk. Or, the same point may be reached by a footpath, which, starting from the east end of the Bridge of Turk, meets the country road in the village of Duncraggan. The valley contracts rapidly, and, at the distance of half a mile from the main road, becomes a very sharp gorge ; on the opposite or western side of the stream is a huge black rock, of shelly form ; and below it the river descends in a violent cataract. I have no doubt that this is the supposed place of Brian's couch. The rock is called in the Ordnance 6-inch Map, *Sgiath Mhic Griogair*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have received from James Carpenter, Esq., the gentleman employed in the examination of the Gaelic names in the maps of the Ordnance Survey, by the kind intermediation of General Sir Henry James, Superintendent of the Survey, the following interesting information :—

"The word *Sgiath*, in general, signifies a wing, a shield, target, or buckler ; a shelter, or protection, etc.

"The name *Sgiath Mhic Griogair* means MacGregor's Shelter. And the

Roderick Dhu now learns that a very formidable military attack is in preparation, and may be expected on the following day. He remarks that—

"Strengthened by these [*the clans of Earn*], we well might bide  
The battle on Ben Ledi's side."

Although he is half in doubt of receiving the assistance of the clans of Earn, and speaks of placing his men in the defile of the Trossachs, he sends them for the present to the neighbouring slopes of Ben Ledi, overhanging Loch Vennachar, where they remain till the next morning. Roderick had heard of the return of FitzJames, suspects him to be a spy, and has doomed him to death (to fulfil the augury). He has directed Red Murdoch, FitzJames's guide, to "lead his steps aside."

The scene changes to the Goblin Cave, where Ellen and the harper (Douglas having left) are suddenly visited by FitzJames, who, after his departure from the island, had spent the remainder of his day of departure and the whole third day of the poem in the Lowlands, and now returns on the fourth day to offer his love to Ellen. He must have come by the road from Stirling along the south side of the Teith, Loch Vennachar, and Loch Achray, which is the direct route to the Beal-nam-bo. Thus he saw nothing of the muster at Lanrick. He then turned back on his return to the Lowlands. On descending towards Loch Achray, his guide, who ought to have continued on the south side of the Achray Water, but "had charge to lead his steps aside," led him across the Achray Water, probably where it divides into two shallow streams, surrounding the island Garbh Innis, into the Trossachs, where a suspicious shout is explained by the sight of FitzJames's dead horse. This shows that the place attributed in Canto I. to the horse's death was in one of the dells nearest to Ben Venue. After this it is impossible, from the nature of FitzJames's perplexed movements, to conjecture what course he is supposed to take. The events of the next morning are best explained by supposing that he met Roderick Dhu near the north side of the Trossachs, probably not far from the place where the modern road, or the other path from a glen parallel to it, reaches the shore of Loch Katrine.

tradition of the locality states that it was a hiding-place of an outlaw of the name of MacGregor (the grandfather of the noted Rob Roy MacGregor), after he had killed MacPherson of Cluny."

Comparing this with Scott's note, it will be seen that the legend is substantially the same, and that the identification of the place is certain. But it appears that, among the various interpretations of the word *Sgiath*, Scott adopted that which is inapplicable; instead of "the Hero's Targe," he ought to have said, "the Hero's Shelter," or "MacGregor's Shelter." If the tradition be correct, Scott has committed a very pardonable anachronism, as Rob Roy's grandfather must have lived at a later time than that of the "Lady of the Lake."

Allusion to the meeting with Blanche of Devon is required only to point out the extent of the destructive enterprises of Roderick Dhu. The Allan is a well-known river, flowing from the N.N.E., and entering the Forth near Stirling. The river Devon in the greater part of its course is only a few miles north of the Forth below Stirling, and falls into that river near Stirling. In foraying Devon-side, therefore, Roderick Dhu had passed Stirling, and was ravaging the country in sight of Stirling. Thus, from Dumbarton to a district beyond Stirling, the whole country was kept in terror by the rapacious and ruthless brigands of Clan Alpin.

## CANTO V

The character of the first portion of the path by which Roderick conducted FitzJames in an easterly direction is thus described :—

“ A wildering path ! they winded now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky.  
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
 Assistance from the hand to gain,  
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew.”

And in a subsequent stanza, Roderick addresses FitzJames—

“ Saxon, from yonder mountain high  
 I marked thee send delighted eye,” etc.,—

looking down upon an extensive and rich country. Loch Achray is not mentioned. It is quite clear that the supposed path was high<sup>1</sup> on the line of lofty cliffs which range north of the Trossachs and Loch Achray, much higher than the hills of the Trossachs, or those which press on Loch Achray, and not far below Ben A'an. They are accessible without much difficulty by the watercourse which descends behind the Trossachs Hotel. I ascended thus, with the water on the left hand, till I gained an insulated point, 925 feet (by aneroid) above Loch Achray, called in the Ordnance Map “Sron

<sup>1</sup> The Highlanders prided themselves on their power of passing through the country by lofty paths. Thus, in the *Legend of Montrose*, Randal M'Eagh says, “While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains. the birthplace of the desert springs.”

Armaitte" ("the army headland"). A somewhat lower path might be taken on its slope towards the lake. The view is much interrupted by the Menteith Hills. I descended through a steep and troublesome copee to the Turk. I conceive, therefore, that Scott's Roderick, rising gradually from a station near to Loch Katrine, by a path in the Trossachs close to the foot of the cliffs, entered the watercourse at a good elevation, then rose actually to the brow, and continued round it till he descended to the river Turk. In horizontal plan this was the shortest way. He continued his course eastward between the steeps of Ben Ledi (where the clansmen were posted and were exhibited to FitzJames) and Loch Vennachar. It would appear, from the circumstances of the battle in the afternoon, that the clansmen were already under orders to withdraw to the gorge of the Trossachs.

In speaking of Coilantogle Ford, where the single combat took place, Scott has (without inaccuracy) introduced a little confusion, by the mention, in the text, of what he considers as the intrenchments of the Romans, and, in the note, of the "Dun of Bochastle."—Coilantogle Ford was, as Scott states, at the outlet of Loch Vennachar; it is now destroyed as a ford by the erection of the great sluices connected with the Loch Katrine Waterworks.—The Dun (usually called the Dunmore) of Bochastle is on a detached conical rocky hill connected with the south-eastern angle of Ben Ledi. Its position gives it the command of the two Passes of Leny and Loch Vennachar. A part of its intrenchments can be seen in profile from the doorsteps of the Dreadnought Hotel at Callander. The plan of the work is actually given on the 6-inch Ordnance Map. On one side, the hill-face, a mere cliff, requires no fortification: in other parts it has three or sometimes four ramparts and ditches; in one direction, where the ground does not sink quite so fast, there is a small intrenched outwork; and in the centre of the principal work there is a water-cistern.—The supposed Roman intrenchment is on the north bank of the Teith, nearly abreast of the eastern extremity of Callander. It is open to the river; a crooked line of very well formed earthen ramparts, whose ends terminate at the river-bank, enclose a small meadow. The plan of the earthworks is that of half of a modern star-fort. The work is certainly not Roman, nor of any ancient date. It is very well planned for defence by musketry. I think it most probable that, before the erection of the stone bridge of Callander, there had been a bridge at this place, leading from the more loyal province of Menteith to the unreclaimed districts of the mountaineers, and giving easy communication both (by Loch Vennachar) to Loch Katrine and (by the Pass of Leny) to Loch Earn and Loch Tay, and that this intrenchment has been a *tête-du-pont* for the protection of the bridge.

The single combat took place on the north side of the Teith (Roderick and FitzJames having crossed "the wide and level green," "Bochastle's plain"). FitzJames, as soon as he was joined by his squires, crossed the Teith at Carhonie (Gartchonzie in the Ordnance Map), took the principal road towards Stirling on the south side of the Teith, passed several mansions (whose names are differently spelt in the maps), crossed the Forth near its confluence with the Teith, and passed round the north extremity of Stirling, from which they would command the view of Cambuskenneth Abbey (in the meadows beyond the Forth) and of the way by which Douglas must come from the Abbey towards the Castle. The place of the sports appears to have been "The King's Park," south-west of the city.

## CANTO VI

The only parts of this canto which are connected with the subject before us are those which relate to Allan Bane's description of the battle. It is to be understood that Ellen, having received FitzJames's ring, was making her way, on the day following their interview, from the Goblin Cave to Stirling, accompanied by Allan Bane. They would pass through the Achray farm, having so far had the "eastern ridge of Ben Venue" on their right hand; they would then continue on the south side of Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, upon the same line of road which FitzJames gained lower down by crossing the Teith at Carhonie. As the view of Loch Achray from this line is not perfect, Allan Bane apparently climbed the lower rocks of the eastern ridge of Ben Venue to see it better; and hence he beheld the royal troops, who had come, not from Stirling, but from Doune, which is on the north side of the Teith, and who naturally were approaching the Trossachs by the way of the north side of Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray. He witnessed the fight in which the clansmen were driven into the defile, and then hastened back through the Achray farm along the side of the Achray Water (by the route recommended to tourists in Canto III. above), and gained some of the rocks of Beal-nam-ho, which command the view of the outlets from the Trossachs and from the "inland sea" of the first canto to Loch Katrine.

The "Beal'an Duine," or "Pass of the man," which Scott has adopted as giving the name of the battle, is a dell parallel to the lake-side at the white-pebble beach, and about a furlong from the lake; it is said to contain the grave of one of Cromwell's soldiers.

The clansmen, in the poem, appear to have been driven to

the top of the ridge which ends in FitzJamea's rock ; from this point, their arrows would command the neighbouring parts of the lake towards the island, as represented in the poem.

It is to be supposed that Allan Bane subsequently returned to Achray, and that there, with Ellen, he had an interview with the Earl of Mar.

In terminating the notes on this beautiful poem, I remark that the accuracy of Scott's topography gives a mental reality to the incidents, and the pleasure in examining them on the spot, such as I have never experienced in reference to any other literature.



## NOTES

BY ANDREW LANG

### Page 2.—MONAN'S RILL

SCOTT took the trouble, or enjoyed the pleasure, of making the ride of Fitz-James, to prove that it was possible.

### Page 2.—BEN VOIRLICH

At the head of the river Garry.

### Page 13.—A GREY-HAIRED SIRE

Scott adds a note on the Second Sight, from Martin's *Description of the Western Isles*. The subject attracted Robert Boyle, Pepys, Kirk (whose work, published by Scott in 1815, remains incomplete for lack of a manuscript but lately discovered), Dr. Johnson, Hickes, and many other men of letters. The Second Sight, and the old beliefs about it, are still prevalent in the Highlands, and the Seeress of Rannoch, who discovered a dead body in Loch Awe, by aid of an Ordnance Map and clairvoyance, is only one of many such visionaries. As distinguished from clairvoyance, the symbolical nature of second sight—visions of shrouds, coffins, and so on—is its characteristic. It was familiar to Homer, to the Delphic Pythoness, and to the saga-men. That visionaries see visions is, of course, undeniable. To what extent, if any, the visions correspond to events distant in time or space is the question at issue. Negative instances were not likely to be noted, and certainly great efforts were made to drag facts into accordance with hallucinations. Scott returns to the topic in *The Legend of Montrose*. Feats like that of Allan-Bane are not uncommonly reported by the old travellers, as Scheffer, among Lapps, Red Indians, and Siberian races.

### Page 15.—HERE, FOR RETREAT IN DANGEROUS HOUR

Scott is thinking of Cluny's Cage, which sheltered Prince Charles after Culloden. There is a fine description of it in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. See, too, notes to *Tales of the Century*, by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, and Cluny's own account of his Cage in Mr. Macpherson's *Social Life in the Highlands*. The Cage was in Letternilichk of Ben Alder.

## Page 21.—THAT EXILED RACE

The Douglasses were, perhaps, the most turbulent of the Scotch feudal families with whom the Stuarts waged their long struggle. Their head, Angus, having married the widowed mother of James V., kept the young King in custody till he fled from Falkland to Stirling, summoned his peers, and put Angus "to the horn"—that is, outlawed him.

## Page 24.—THE GRÆME

Algernon Sidney, unable to pronounce Graham (here Græme), calls Claverhouse "a Captain Grimes," when writing about the onslaught at Drumclog.

## Page 30.—TINE-MAN

Third Earl of Douglas, defeated at Homildon Hill by Hotspur; wounded (see Shakespeare) at Shrewsbury, distinguished at Beaugé, where Clarence fell, and slain at Verneuil, 1424.

## Page 30.—SELF-UNSCABBARDED

So, at the birth of Simon, the treacherous Lord Lovat, the swords on the walls of his paternal hall leaped from their sheaths, or so Lord Lovat liked to give out, according to Burton's *Letters from Scotland* (ii. 214).

Page 33.—THE BEST OF LOCH LOMOND LIE DEAD ON HER  
SIDE

Here, in his original notes, Scott takes occasion to recount some of the more ferociously repulsive feats of the Clan Alpine, or at least of its Macgregor branch. The Macgregors, as everyone knows, were a sept so cruel and savage that they were too much even for the tolerance of the good old times. In 1753, when Prince Charles appealed to the loyalty of Bohaldie, one of the chiefs of the Gregara, James Mohr, Rob Roy Macgregor's son, advised Bohaldie not to obey the Prince, but to remember how badly Charles I. had treated the clan more than a hundred years earlier. At least James Mohr, who was a spy in the service of the English Government, told this tale to Lord Holderness. James was in bad odour for nearly the last fine old exploit of Clan Alpine, the abduction of a poor girl of nineteen, forcibly married to his brother, Robin Oig. Robin was under the ill-favour of the law because he had committed an agrarian outrage, and shot one Macfarlane as he held his plough. This comparatively modern offence was among the last performed by the Clan Alpine. The earlier atrocities, chronicled by Scott, are only on a greater scale.

Page 38.—BOASTS TO HAVE TAMED THE BORDER-SIDE.

In his note on this Royal raid of 1529 Scott says that Piers Cockburn, of Henderland, was "hanged over the gate of his own castle." As a matter of fact, he was beheaded in Edinburgh (his name was William), on May 16, 1530, for treasonable dealings with England, theft, and other crimes. See Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, i., p. 144. The blood that "cries from Meggat's mead" is that of William Cockburn, whose estate, Henderland, is on Meggat, near St. Mary's Loch.

Page 43.—HIS HENCHMAN

Scott quotes from Burton's *Letters from Scotland* (1754) examples of the henchman, standing ever by his chief's side, even at convivial meetings. All were as ready with their pistols as Callum Beg in *Waverley*.

Page 45.—THE FIERY CROSS

This summons was employed as late as in the Forty-Five, and Scott's friend, Stuart of Invernahyle, had it sent through Appin. Two English frigates threatened the coast, but the Fiery Cross brought in boys and old men, the flower of the Stuarts being with their chief, Prince Charles, in England. It is not easy to see why Invernahyle was at home.

Page 47.—BRIAN'S BIRTH

Scott quotes an instance of a child miraculously conceived from the ashes of dead men, as recorded by the laird of Macfarlane. The scene was Inverloghia. The hero was Gillidoir-Magrevollich, "Black Child son to the Bones." Sir Walter suggests a naturalistic explanation.

Page 48.—THE VIRGIN SNOOD

The well-known ribbon in the hair, worn only by maidens.

Page 49.—OF CHARGING STEEDS, CAREERING FAST

The death-warning of the Macleans of Lochbuy. These beliefs still endure; witness "the Airlie Drummer."

Page 67.—THE TAGHAIRM

The spell of wrapping up the seer in some way, in this case in a bull's hide, is widely diffused. Among the Dènè Hareskins the seer is bound with cords; the same rite prevailed in Græco-Egyptian sorcery. In other places, as over most of

North America, the prophet was enclosed in a narrow "lodge," built of beams. Not long ago, in the Highlands, a seer enconced himself in an iron boiler. The object seems to be to concentrate "the force." Martin, however, thinks that the prophet's "invisible friends" were expected to release him, as in the rope-trick of the Davenport Brothers.

Page 68.—THE CHOICEST OF THE PREY WE HAD

Scott borrowed this passage from the oral narrative of an old Highlander, who had followed *Ghlune dhu*—"Black Knee"—a relation of Roy Roy's. These caterans raided round Loch Lomond, levying blackmail, in the early part of last century. "Ere we had reached the Row of Dinnan, a child might have scratched his ears," said the old Celt, describing a captive bull.

Page 68.—THE HERO'S TARGET

A hill in the Forest of Glen Finlas.

Page 69.—WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE

A common augury. The Highlanders, before Tippermuir, are said to have sacrificed a herdsman, to secure first blood. The Maoris have the same belief; the first man slain is the *Mataika*. So Protesilaus was the Mataika of the Trojan War.

Page 73.—ALIOE BRAND

Derived from a Danish ballad. The same idea inspires *Young Tamlane*.

Page 86.—THE HARDENED FLESH OF MOUNTAIN DEER

Scott quotes Brantôme and the romance of *Perceforest*, but thinks that probably a rude kind of deer ham was the provender.

Page 95.—THOU ART MY GUEST

The Highland hospitality sheltered even one with blood of his host's kin on his hands, if once he entered the house. There is a well-known case in the strange tale of Ticonderoga. Scott's model here was one John Gunn, a freebooter of the last century.

Page 98.—FITZ-JAMES'S BLADE WAS SWORD AND SHIELD.

Scott refers to the new art of fencing, without buckler or target. Fitz-James could only have learned it abroad, and, indeed, it was still in its infancy.

## Page 98.—FULL AT FITZ-JAMES'S THROAT

Suggested by an exploit of Lochiel (Ewan Dhu). He bit through the throat of an English gentleman.

## Page 102.—A DOUGLAS BY HIS SOVEREIGN BLED

In Stirling Castle James II. stabbed the eighth Earl of Douglas, though under his own safe-conduct.

## Page 104.—ROBIN HOOD

In 1555, Parliament put down Robin Hood's masque, in 1561 "the rascal multitude" (Knox's name for his followers, in this case disobedient) made a Robin Hood, and raised a riot. For Robin Hood, and the May King generally, Mr. Frazer's erudite work, *The Golden Bough*, may be consulted.

## Page 121.—BATTLE OF BEAL'AN DUINE

The closing incident is historical, but of later date than the time of the poem—in Cromwell's war. The heroine of the dirk was Helen Stuart.















